

CAVALCADE ^{2/-} the

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1955

KNOW YOURSELF

Magazine

In this issue:

- You're never too old for love!
- Do marriage manuals help?
- Is mercy killing justified?

Fiction

- The Shadow
- Alibi Girl

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New Series, Volume 23, No. 3. December, 1955

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Advancing age brings personal worries about job security, but it can also open the door to a more mature and understanding love and sex relationship.

MEN and women who are lovers never like to think that there will be a time when they can no longer make love. In actual fact, there need never be such a time, for love is something which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale" and lovers should realize that they have a continuing right to love, whatever their age.

People who speak of impotence in later years, would do well to reflect on the story told by a British young reporter who interviewed a couple on the diamond anniversary of their wedding. He said to the husband, "What time do you regret married couples can do what they are no longer capable of making love?" The husband, aged 70, replied, "Who asks me?"

Obviously there are dangers of love-making. It would be foolish to expect the ardent love of a honeymoon to last right up to middle age. Over the years couples should probably condition themselves to these dangers of love-making.

If it is, after all, a matter of adjustment, and what is lost in passion can be more than substituted as tenderness becomes wise old, "We should grow old together, not cold together."

It is as well to remember that there are three phases in marriage, the first being the period of adjustment and adjustment and the desire stage in which couples will either grow

together or part. Marriage has to be worked at, it is not something that has been accomplished and can be left alone.

Making a marriage work is primarily the woman's business and if she wishes, a wife can resurrect it if it has grown cold, or she can destroy it. If it worth the effort, she will by her very nature, resurrect it.

Women can rather die without desisting, but it is the determination and thought which is put into making marriage work that makes it really work while perhaps the idea sounds dull, but it is not.

If you are a man and have your own business, you don't let it go along on its own and take a chance, you work hard to make it successful. Why not do the same with marriage? A woman does not let her home run itself, like a husband three times a day, the supervisor. In the same way marriage has to be guided, supervised and worked at. Men, because of his weakness is inclined to think his marriage will come along naturally, but the woman is usually girded with this state of mind that it needs to pull a marriage into shape.

Good women as men like, come from such patient understanding and contribution to the happiness of the other. This is where real middle-age is valuable. The young lover is often impatient, nervous and too eager to take into his hands the levers of control and patience and how to

make his wife as happy as the sexual act so he is hurried.

One of the greatest lovers of all time, Don Juan, was once asked what was the secret of his success with women. He replied, "Oh I just treat the daughters like loose women and young women like daughters. It delights both of them." Don Juan said this, not when he was a young man, but when he was approaching middle age and had retired from his adventures.

Obviously there has never been any sex for married love deteriorated, because it is so easily an individual matter and therefore acts entirely with the people concerned. Medically there is no reason why it should not continue right until the end, but it cannot do so unless sex is accompanied with devotion, tenderness and understanding.

Don't be too precious or sensible. What's wrong with a man of fifty asking his wife "honey" or a wife of the same age calling her husband "honeybun"?

There is nothing quite as wonderful as a married love if you mix with the young and can be married until the end of your days. It is more kind of harmony which two people who have lived together over a number of years have managed to establish.

Marriage should never be dull or stale, if it becomes so when middle age approaches there is indeed a

You're **NEVER** too old to love

**Life CAN begin at forty—if
you correctly apply benefits
gained from the experiences
and opportunities of youth.**

dash, having perked to look forward to. What we call the twilight years should be the last years of our life for we have left behind us so many of the privileges of our youth and responsibilities that we should have established a fund of happiness on which we can draw.

One of the most important things about love and middle age is the approach to age itself. If you are to parent, "You really like her, don't you?" you are asking yourself, "But if you are 'I'm not any old yet' immediately the idea of continued love life suggests itself.

Why not regard these middle years as the "bonus" years where you reap the benefits of all your previous experience and really get into producing the things that in your maturity you were scarcely even aware of?

For instance, you have as a ready-made partner someone whom you know intimately. You know his or her little foibles, good points, winning points and with this knowledge you know what to avoid or what to encourage. You have a real partner who has been at your side through the tough times and with you when times were good. What better chance could you have of happiness?

Remember that middle age is not something that descends suddenly and that the quality of aging can, and must be, controlled. If you have

made the years between thirty and forty the most wonderful chance in the world that your love-making has continued on indefinitely.

The disturbing physical symptoms which attack women at the menopause and men when they find they can no longer perform the sexual act are not lasting. Doctors tell us that there is no specific way of making between husband and wife sexual act continue through middle life and into old age—and necessarily in the same form or degree but suited to changing needs and conditions.

Any soundly healthy man and woman can achieve that in the last century marriage as the past of both men and women was largely a satisfying factor in the early question of love-making. Today we are more enlightened and husbands and wives are not or should not be, ashamed to speak of sex to each other, or to seek help if necessary from their family doctor.

An American doctor and comedy writer married people do tend to come together again even after divorce and have years of physical maintenance or even physical satisfaction, in an often successful effort to achieve, also man's sympathy and woman's acceptance, the marital happiness they missed or weakly experienced in their youth. As a matter of record, there have been remarkable revivals of young life in life's second chapter as to be truly said.

An Australian doctor said that he had found an interesting tendency, were the two parts of married couples to be able to preserve the physical side of their marriage even into what is known as the "senior years." He admits that this is possible only because the husband and wife are usually aware, at least, of only one thing, that this is the greatest happiness of their married life.

He said, "I have often been touched by the complete faith in each other of those older lovers and of the happiness they find in living together. They drive on each other and that is the best way I know of making two lives together."

Australian have, perhaps, more opportunities than people in other countries of being able to remain lovers indefinitely. They belong to a young, wide country where the main of the chance to live an outdoor energetic life, they remain young, both physically and mentally. These people who have gathered the intelligence and the desire to preserve themselves have no change in whatever part of the world they are born.

That healthy, active life can, though, have its drawbacks as far as happy marriages are concerned.

A spokesman for a marriage panel once stated in Sydney, says it can be one of the special problems Australian couples face as they grow older in Australia, more than in most other countries, the outdoor life plays a major role, particularly for the man, and in the years when marriage is young and strong for a family of children like the woman's life, the man often seeks his recreation in sport, or other interests away from the home. Then, when the children are off her hands, the wife finds she has very little in common with her husband.

This can be aggravated by the fact that one or both partners have become more set in their ways, less able or willing to change the pattern of their lives, make few friends, cultivate new interests.

The picture of divided interests does appear to be largely an Australian situation and increasingly often appears amongst the way in which, even if perfect or almost perfect, attitudes by both husbands and wives the men and women tend to split up into two entirely separate groups.

Summing up, these three problems, and necessarily in order of importance, are the basic handicaps to a continuing, happy marriage.

"1. The husband's idea that sex life should end at the menopause."

"2. The children's departure from the family group."

"3. The particularly Australian difficulty of a husband and wife with different social status."

Middle-aged couples seeking to find out what has gone wrong with their marriage must not let themselves look back on the early days of their marriage as entirely a state of bliss. They must learn to look back at it objectively, seeing the low spots as well as the peaks. There is then some hope for them making an intelligent understanding to a better way of life—and love—in the future."

Beat YOUR inferiority

If you think you're not as good as others you know, worrying about it won't help. Appreciation of the facts and dynamic action provide the cure.

You may slip on the stairs, fumble an object handed to you, mispronounce a traffic policeman's signal, spill your soup as a restaurant, or commit some glaring social faux pas.

There are only a few of countless mistakes and errors in the routine of daily living that can make you feel degraded with and without of yourself to the point of a definite sense of inferiority.

You're possibly unimportant and trivial but the way you look at these can play havoc with your whole personality. Recognize them as inconsequential and they'll soon pass out of your mind.

With most people, these inferiority feelings show up in the routine of daily business of inferiority. Everyone looks on himself as pretty good and smart and shifts when he meets a drunk lunk on a train, or a woman nearly get run over through selfish and the wrong side, or a traffic cop pulling up a speeding motorist.

But the feeling is soon erased from one consciousness. We go on our way from day to day in normal living. We are not over concerned either with being inferior or superior, because we are correctly balanced and adjusted like a well-tuned radio.

It is a difficult matter with a person who has developed an inferiority complex. First recognized by the famous psychologist, Alfred Adler, it was originally applied only to people who believed they had some physical deficiency. Now it is known that the victim can suffer his inferiority feelings about any one of the 17,000 traits that are supposed to make up a human personality.

What the victim does not realize is the difference between feeling inferior and being inferior. Most people who feel inferior are not so at all. It is only a quirk of their own mind.

The shy, nervous, but timid type of fellow who staid his remarks upon to something on the dinner table, has probably not the worst shot. With the majority of men he is far superior husband material to the quick-talking personality who staid of confidence that every female must be crazy about him.

A sniffer may be a top notch player but find himself consistently run-up in important conversations. He often develops an inferiority complex about his play. It can prey on his mind so that his

range will go to pieces and he really will be inferior. What he should be shown is that he has proved "inferior" in his mistakes to one and only one man, none less superior to dozens of others and can't be so bad after all.

University professors have been fooled by appearance. They were asked to show a greater proportion of superior intellectual inferiority than other groups of doctors, mathematicians and teachers. Yet the latter were obviously not so well endowed with brains as the inferiority victims.

However, there are still degrees of people who persist in feeling inferior, and allow it to color their thoughts and outlook and it is definitely a "complex."

What can they do? First they must keep out into the open what they really feel inferior about. Generally their troubles can be detected under one or more of five basic systems for inferiority feeling. These systems are, Physical, Social, Sexual, Career and Love. The inferior complex almost invariably can be treated under one of these.

Physical inferiority is a man or woman who is generally over taught or built. He attempts often to compensate with property, or to boast of strength or athletic ability. Women victims of a physical inferiority complex are really hurt when their husband or male friend turns his head at a pretty girl in the street or glances at a group picture in a magazine.

People with an inferiority complex from such sources generally are clumsy and shy in company. They shrink from fitness such as working around home or working with machinery and looking at an elaborate machine. Public conversation is a nightmare.

Their feet speed at passing a group in small-talk, but are hard if they are not asked. A common remedy of these inferiority complex is the obvious reliance with which they greet some of a relationship or trouble suffered by someone exposing social snobs that they believe they lack.

Inferiorities arising from home relationships can be just as harmful and are probably more deeply rooted than any other. It is generally covered through an overbearing parent making even of one child that another and making him to feel he is not as important as the other.

The child becomes resentful of the affection shown others in the family,

believes, generally unconsciously, that his interests are of little import when to the other. He thinks they regard him as a nobody whose views and wishes are unworthy of consideration.

Not only parents cause such misapprehensions and views can be just as misleading. Often a mother-in-law, allied with her own son or daughter, can make the marriage partner feel inferior and "out of it."

Career difficulties are another real-life breeder of inferiority complex sufferers. The subject may declare himself because of an unjust or unreasonable boss. Fear of his own inadequacy may prevent him changing his job, although it is obvious he would be better off by doing so. It may hinder advancement because of refusal to accept responsibility or to assume new tasks.

Love, or relations with the opposite sex, probably cause more cases of inferiority complex than any other reason. Every normal man and woman wishes to appear attractive to the opposite sex. A refusal or apparent indifference towards you by someone you wish to impress can cause more deep-seated inferiority than anything else.

The inferior will imagine he is inferior not only to that person but to all others who appeal to him. Unhappiness and loneliness results. He knows for sure but never finds it because he is loath to believe he will start to win his woman.

Even if he progresses to a date with some chosen one, the inferiority victim is usually so embarrassed because of his own imagined shortcomings that he never gets across the way he feels. Sometimes, in extreme cases even of a girl tells him she loves him and wants him, he will not believe her.

Sure of his own inferiority, he cannot see anyone loving him. To say they do, he reasons, must be caused by pity or some other ulterior motive.

Having recognized that you are affected by feelings of inferiority—and identified these under the headings of Physical Social, Sexual, Career and Love—you can do something about it.

Realize first that your inferiority feelings are depressed and too strong to eradicate merely by thinking about them.

Instead, assume your feelings are correct and you are inferior in some way. Then compensate for that deficiency by concentrating on your strengths and talents—qualities and abilities in which you are obviously superior. Apply them to do the things and accomplish the success that your inferiority has so far prevented.

Take the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mayor of New York. He was the

complex

By LEO FABIAN

out of a proud army lieutenant. His father wanted him to follow an army career too. Pacific took one look at his handsome sister and refused the military. He would lead rebellious strikers round a parade ground.

Instead he went to work with his riverboat-owning ability, public speaking talent, a flair for politics and intense feeling for the rights and conditions of the common people.

He was a success and he had no sense of inferiority about his background. He used to laugh and joke about it.

Honor Roosevelt in her autobiography has candidly admitted that as a girl she was not a devotee. An outgoing relative once told her she was an "early drinker" with no sense of connection with the glamorous life in her high social set for one eligible sister in the metropolitan East.

A first-class inferiority complex could have been expected had Eleanor not been an intelligent well-adjusted and particularly adult girl instead of worrying about her looks, she concentrated on her mind and friendly personality. Pacific, as a polished, charming woman with racial qualities that interested every man she met, she attracted one of the most eligible young men in the country—the future president Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Sometimes it is possible to create one as inferior complex by more direct action than concentrating for it with your good looks and sophisticated your strength for your weakness. Instead, if you are particularly strong-minded, you reemulate your inferiority and then throw yourself into the task of correcting it.

Geoff was a blondest young fellow in our work-and-learn crowd. He was not bad looking but because of a clumsy under-developed physique he never seemed to get to first base at impressing any of the career crop of fast-age female leaders.

Instead of breaking his way to an Al inferiority complex (an area of concentrating on his other good points as most people find the best way to treat that weakness) Geoff conferred positive action. He enrolled in a gymnasium and was himself admired for a year or so until he built himself a set of muscles the most powerful beach bachelors would exhibit at. Today Geoff is a strapping tanky Springer off female attention.

Shake your own mass substructure, not subconsciously decide what your difficulty is. Then make the psychological adjustment we have set out to get on top of it and make yourself a better-balanced, more attractive and definitely happier person.





Do marriage manuals help?

Untrained persons aren't successful in business—yet most people blithely enter marriage without training.

By PETER MASTERS

ALL people of mature age can look back on their own personal and experienced (going back as far as the pre-adolescent period of 8 to 11 years of age).

Almost inevitably the story is one of groping in the dark from the first glimmerings of awareness that there is such a thing as sex until self-enlightenment comes by accident or design.

In the strict privacy of our minds we all search at first for a clue, a hint, as to what this sex business is all about.

A boy sees a girl, a girl sees a boy, and each experiences a "first" sensation. The onset of attraction to the opposite sex follows the first, or boy, girl combination with only the vaguest idea as to what is happening.

Then, with the arrival of the age of puberty comes a new and more positive phase. Again, man after man and, a man-one conflict goes on in the young mind, with perhaps no mentor in whom to confide.

The initial confusion, caused by a newly acquired ability to reproduce such as well as to probably the most disturbing upheaval in the whole of one's personal history.

Then, anything can happen. The

adolescent era, as shown in everyday occurrences, quite easily goes temporarily off the rails. Failures, misunderstandings, promiscuity, even the birth of children, may come, all of which might have been avoided if some sort of counselor had come out of his way to help give the adolescent some positive advice and guidance.

Many teenagers share an unhealthy interest in sex matters, and all the time they are playing with fire.

They had their own illusions to themselves and find a certain difficulty about coming to God or Man. These gipsylike people, in their torn, harkled to bits in on a delicate and personal matter as sex — naked, or worse, they are asked questions, or receive an indication to a full discussion of the subject.

And so, more often than not, this confused world of privacy has just on, with only prompt self-control, and self-control is what a, relative darkness.

And then we get to the story of courtship and marriage, the most pleasant and wonderful of all the ages of man.

It is at this stage that the ques-

tion of the advisability of marriage manuals comes into the picture. Marriage manuals get down to the actual business of sex relations.

Do they serve a useful and necessary purpose? That is a question of considerable importance, especially and religiously.

Since 1942 the world's best-selling books have been those dealing with marriage. Of more than 150 different titles published in the English language, there has not been one flop.

The statistics alone have not been wholly responsible for the book's success. They have had tremendous publicity through spiced attacks by people who think that marriage manuals do more harm than good.

There are those within the marriage, who claim that these books—some of which are necessarily frank—are usually bought by socially mal-adjusted people. But bookshelves, good judges of character, say that the great majority of buyers are persons seeking after knowledge.

They say, further, that while men buy the most books, women are the most avid readers. And it is most interesting to note that a leading

EYES,

If you find

By BERNARD L. CALMUS



MANY people complain before that nothing ever happens to them—that every day and every thing contains the same without any difference. So they really want that excitement which some people can only find in the jungle, the bar, the night. Or is it just that they are bored with life because it has become monotonous?

It is disturbing to find how many people there really are in this world, a lot of them young people, who are so bored with life, that they have to find distraction in all sorts of pursuits which themselves, in turn, become boring.

If you are trying to run away from yourself in this way, by chasing after shadows, by chasing those who stand next just for the hell of it, who hang up on others, not because they are unique but because life is otherwise so monotonous and uninteresting to them—understand right now that you can live an adventurous life, just by seeing and hearing.

Seeing is not merely a physical reflex action, neither is hearing. You can certainly hear, but to hear with your ears and to hear with your senses are two entirely different things, and in the difference lies the secret of finding adventure.

When you are trying to escape your own mental possibilities you may seek adventure in the more fictional places, because when people talk about adventure they have identified themselves with some character, fictional or factual, whose adventure they would like to follow—if only in sleep.

Thus is a form of escapism, and it is not entirely satisfying. But it does become satisfying when you become so identified with fictional dreams that you live away from the facts of life because you don't hear to face up to them.

This desire to escape from the facts of life centers in the mistaken belief that they are too difficult to face. The only way out is to get away into a world where the only adventure lies in sleeping a lion . . . or tripping a rebel, or dodging the traffic laws . . . or poking a policeman on the nose.

Some people never fully mature and want to do these things all their lives. They are often clumsy, hard to live with and make unhappy marriage partners and certainly bad parents—not because they want to be bad, because living in a world of their own in which they see the center of vicious adventure

adventures they don't always actually escape is but identify themselves with others who feel they have lost complete touch with the real world.

It is never too late to change this course of events. In fact, you can change it right now.

Firstly, there is an important principle of physical and mental union. Every one of your senses is a two-part entity. It is not just a physical sense, that is only one aspect of it, and the more one of that. The other and more important aspect is mental.

The eyes are the physical parts of seeing, but to bring the impressions they get, mental messages have to be sent to your brain and translated to your sense of perception or understanding. If there is an ideal partnership between the physical and mental senses, you not only see but you understand.

The ears are the physical parts of hearing. But in order to translate what they pick up, mental messages must run up to your brain and convey an impression or a notion of experience. In both cases a mental picture is built up for your intelligence.

That is what is supposed to happen in a well-balanced and regulated personality, and the same applies to all the senses.

If that is the way you use your eyes and ears you will find far more adventure in life than your friend who feels that he has to go into the jungle for his adventure. While he is virtually laughing for his chance to get off for the while, you are going to plunge headily into life with a new excitement, and your life reveals far people who know how to see with their eyes and hear with their ears.

How can this come about? You set out to work this morning, and what happened if you are not yet using your senses adequately and to their fullest extent, you will probably be wholly or partially stopped by this question: "You will pause and try and think back. With what result?" Could you recall all the people and the sights you met?

This simple test has been given to hundreds of people and the results have been surprising. With speed to recall what they had seen and a few minutes' rehearsal they suddenly believed they were seeing and hearing to the best of their ability.

Test yourself right now. What did YOU hear and see this morning? Is

EARS and ADVENTURE

life monotonous and lacking in excitement,

you don't know how to use your eyes properly.

It all a blur—not a complete black—but a blur?

In other words, you have probably used your eyes and ears automatically, as physical necessities, but not in conjunction with your senses which would have registered these deep impressions which make lasting impressions.

What sort of excitement are you seeking when you are looking full out of your window? Go back to this morning. You were a member of people, perhaps your friends or neighbors, meeting there, and you must certainly have had the benefit of traffic that did you some harm? Were your eyes not now fully alert, taking in impressions and sending messages to the brain—was just to say, "There's that guy 'Hank' in here" (which they will do automatically) but to say, "There's Hank. He looks happy today"—how long is really looking? Here let a new self—let's call it, who really is you, and make him look quite a man?

This is the difference between seeing and looking with the eyes. In the more art of seeing, your brain will act automatically. You will do nothing independent of a reflex action in the act of seeing in conjunction with those senses which surround you. If you see you will see a great deal forward—you observe. You stopped right out of the class of observation and became an independent observer, and it is the observer who finds the real adventures in life.

You saw people in the street, could you recognize them again if you saw them after a lapse of time? If you say you couldn't, not even partially recall them, then your senses are not adequately coordinated.

The mere act of pointing the time with a hand doesn't imply that you noted them. You should take your special observation of clothes, walk, look at behavior. When you and "Hank" and passed on you probably took time to watch for ground that you started on so if he wasn't there at all. You surely saw a figure that you recognized and acknowledged, but you did not observe him.

In taking anything for granted, you have acted automatically, as an automatic, hearing without really hearing. Could you sit down in your own home and deliberately observe? This is the key of a car, that was the example of distant wonder, the sense of full-front, the eye of a child?

When your senses are only half used, you have a confused picture

when your senses are fully used, you can distinguish every different sound, and the mental picture is an excitement in itself.

To make the fullest use of your senses they must be exercised. Hearing is an art which has to be cultivated, and so are the difference between being dull and being extraordinarily—between just seeing and hearing the common and seeing, hearing and seeing as you should like with some to be having because it is no longer monotonous—something new is around every corner.

When you complain that nothing new ever happens, the fault lies within yourself. Learn to observe and listen, and don't take things for granted. The results of putting this into operation would surprise you. Between the actual feeling of well-being, the eyes open and observing new things which will continually crop up.

Efforts won't be wasted actively to yourself, you'll almost surely see the results on friends, on your employer and on the people around you.

One very important effect which comes from the proper action of these senses will be the increasing ability you will have for remembering things.

Those individuals—and they are common in number—who complain of a poor memory, usually believe that this is some "defect" in their make-up. In other words they're saying "but it's their heredity" and what more, can't help it.

You'll find that close observation and action will automatically set you on a course of memory training. A good memory is not something you're born with, but an ability which can be developed by proper training.

What is a step further—change your routine. You must know people who, day in and day out, year after year, have regulated their actions by the clock, the slightest deviation throws them out completely. Without realizing it perhaps, they carry on by rote in a "fixed pattern."

These are the people who go into decline when they are forced to retire from business or, if women, they need no longer look after a family and even become ill because they can no longer carry out a precise routine. Nothing around as one chair, or love, or bed, their senses wander aimlessly, they slide back to the days when routine was a safe safeguard for them.

Freedom is necessary to a great extent, and we must give it in order

to know where we are. It becomes a bad thing only when it is so rigidly fixed that our progress for every day of the week has been removed and we know exactly where we are going, exactly what we intend to do that day (Monday).

We have stifled ourselves because we have lost the pleasure of anticipation. You cannot discover with the thrill of anticipation without something happening.

First should be that you can have some idea where you are going in life, but have enough margin in your plan to anticipate. Anticipate the pleasure and the difficulty, and the satisfaction of working out ways and means of overcoming those difficulties, the pleasure of looking forward to pleasure—all great stimulants to adventure.

There are three great needs in life that, properly developed, can bring you excitement, adventure and good health. To develop your powers of observation, seeing behind the obvious, to vary your outlook and to anticipate.

Take an ordinary day. You might wake up and say to yourself, "Back to the old road, same old story and 'With a new tendency'." You immediately burden yourself with a mental plan. This is anticipation but in a very negative form. It is not the true anticipation which is part of an adventurous personality, and from the psychological point it would not actually be an anticipation because you have already told yourself what is going to happen as a definite fact without any planning. It is the planning that provides the excitement in anticipation.

Wake up and think instead, "I'll go to work a different way this morning. I'll go along with such a story, there might be some new displays in the shop windows. I might meet an old friend." Suddenly, you've burdened yourself up, you've anticipated something pleasurable, started your routine and you've told yourself that you're going to look out for certain things to happen.

That is what you would be doing all day long—finding adventure in your own life, by varying routine as every opportunity, anticipating continuously as to what you think might happen—doesn't happen at all. The adventure is in the thought that it might, therefore it can happen.

Look behind the obvious. Adventures are happening all the time, but you're not to be able to recognize them when you see them.

IS MERCY-KILLING JUSTIFIED?

Would you administer a lethal dose to someone you loved—or a stranger for that matter—if you knew they only had a limited painful time to live?

By COLIN MERRILL

Do you think that those people who have to lead miserable existence and for whom the medical miracle give no hope, should be mercifully put out of their misery?

Should those who are incurably insane, or so deeply mentally defective as to be completely useless, be dealt with similarly by means of euthanasia? These questions have been considered, narrowed and re-considered almost since time began.

The ancient Greeks, including the tough men of Sparta, believed in a policy of the survival of the fittest, and consequently hopeless weaklings were disposed of ruthlessly.

"Euthanasia" is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as being "a good and easy death". Most ordinary people will see the expression simply as "mercy-killing".

The famous French composer Hector Berlioz wrote of the death of his dearly-loved sister who died of cancer of the breast following six months of horrible suffering. "And not a doctor dared leave the bedroom to put an end to the martyrdom by letting my sister attain a happy of release."

A well-known English doctor named Henry Roberts received this letter from one of his patients: "As I anticipated, I am no longer visible with, My poor stomach seems to ache, I am so weak that I have just worn my wife that my life is over very short. I think you, for your kind attention, and I want to make one last request of you. I trust you will grant it. You know the letters I am in, and you know that in any case I can live but a very short time. Will you save me from the painful death? I am, Yours faithfully."

Professional doctors and practical business are largely permitted to put people to death. Indeed, in certain circumstances it is their positive duty to do so. Thus who should not doctors be empowered to put hopeless sufferers out of their misery?

Any humane person would put a seriously wounded animal to death, and so spare the brute a painful

death-struggle. Then who not a human being?

The official answer to these questions is that as the law stands it prevents a doctor mercy-killing one of his patients who be guilty of murder.

The matter is largely one of conscience and sensitivity. There can't be the least doubt that some doctors are so full of overwhelming pity for a suffering and dying patient that they correspondingly administer an overdose of according to the wretched sufferer. Most probably nobody except the doctor himself knows, and nobody takes any legal action.

And laymen see, and do sometimes, put away with mercy-killing.

In England in 1897 a woman died of tuberculosis and survivors of the spine who had many children, and of the five who still lived, one—a little girl of four—had convulsed uncontrolled, and then developed pneumonia of the face after an attack of measles.

The doctor attending the case had told the father that the little girl couldn't possibly recover. According to a report of the case in *Berlin's leading medical journal* "The Lancet", the father "wished the child with devoted care".

One morning, after sitting up all night with his, his power of endurance and patience suddenly poured out and in sheer desperation he drowned the child in the bath. Then he went and drove himself up to the police.

Of course, the father was charged with murder, and in due time he stood his trial. All the evidence, including the medical evidence, was tendered in such a way that it looked the case entirely as the defendant's doctor.

In his closing up, the presiding Judge Mr Justice Brown, said "It is a matter which goes back far beyond when one comes to consider that had this poor child been an animal instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blame-worthy in the man's action it getting an end to its suffering, he

would actually have been liable to punishment if he had not done so." (Quoted here without allowing himself to make any unnecessary apology or an apology.)

The very reform, but some retained with a streak of "Not Guilty", and the public and the Press applauded the verdict.

Up to now you've seen some of the arguments wholly in favour of euthanasia. But the matter isn't as simple as it may seem.

If we attempt to apply to mankind the moral code which we apply to the lower animals, we soon find ourselves in deep water. We think nothing of sending cattle, sheep, and pigs to slaughter, so that we can eat their flesh. On the other hand, no human being has a committed kill and take another human being.

Advocates of mercy-killing include incurable victims of mental disease or long-term mental deficiency among those who should be put permanently to sleep. But read the letter which the mother of a hopelessly mentally defective young man recently sent to a *British newspaper*.

"As a mother of one of those mentally deficient babies now grown to monstrous physically though not mentally, I venture to offer an opinion on the subject of euthanasia. Fortunately my child had not rather real physical pain. He is a case of hopeless mental deficiency. There are many such as he, and although in those cases the parents suffer immensely, the child lives in a little world of his own and is quite happy.

"Many times it has been said to me 'What if I have been better if he had died in infancy?' To those I say, definitely not. He needed all our love and care, and as a mother, responded. The experience has been such that I no longer feel over the trivial things of life.

"Also, while his mind are living there is always a possibility of a cure. He has had great strokes, and will continue to do so, but if all those children are discarded at infancy, then some places may be deprived of the joy of parenthood.

as another child may be impossible. "While there is life there is hope, which should be allowed to live out his allotted span. God is more merciful than we give Him credit for."

The epidemic money towards voluntary euthanasia has been in operation at least since 1888, and probably before that. In that year, the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, a distinguished writer of his day, wrote an article in "The Fortnightly Review" pleading for the voluntary euthanasia.

He was Dr. C. E. Clouston paid, forward supporters "in favour of terminating absolutely hopeless cases of insanity and disease."

He said "I am satisfied that, that when once it was recognized that it was lawful to accept the nature of what is ill, it would be gratefully accepted by thousands of suffering creatures in this year to come as a God-given escape. I am sure that every man here the opposition will arise from cruel prejudice."

I am convinced that if the

suffering patients were witnesses to the last reflections of some of these patients, they would not ignore the subject in their last-wishes."

In 1888 a Voluntary Euthanasia League was formed in London with the distinguished surgeon, Lord Mayoress, in the chair and some very well-known men and women—people in public and religious life, as well as scientists and poets—give the movement their blessing. The temperate activities of the society lasted quite a time at the time, when most people, as a nation, were given a their sympathy.

Despite its informed backing, the movement didn't really get anywhere because it got bogged down just as Euphoric (the source of boredom) and after his friends—those who made modern society had published and considered all theories.

Probably the main reason why euthanasia has not come to legalised freedom is that it opens up a dangerous door—a door of doom which

might well include mad and violent men. What should—where would—the last be drawn? The same question remains for consideration today.

At the inaugural meeting of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society in London, one doctor said: "Once accepted, the principle is likely to have consequences I had already been feared that pain would not be a necessary condition. Euthanasia would equally serve."

Constant old people become useless in the fact that they have become relatively speaking, meaningless in life, enduring no pain, but perhaps enjoying the passing pleasures of life and the joy of past memories, to surround them as candidates for euthanasia. To most of these old people life is still sweet though activity has ceased and they would not dream of volunteering for a final dose.

Many a sweet past and painful, merry or sad, purposed help of wealth and freedom, and many a

(Continued on page 67)



picture

CAVALCADE







Psychology QUIZ

This Quiz is given to help you realize your feelings of inferiority, if any, to help you to understand them, and to act as a guide to overcoming any particular aspect you may have. If you come off with a hundred points, you are very good indeed, and don't need to worry; you can take your stand with anyone! If you have over fifty but under eighty, you need to improve, of you have under fifty, it is about time you took yourself in hand! Remember that nobody is hopeless—and an inferiority complex is meant to be conquered, and the only person who can really conquer it is YOU!

1. When you are in company, do you feel uneasy? Do you want to run away? Or do you feel comfortable and interested in the people you meet?
2. When someone is accused of a crime of any sort, however small, do you at once find fault yourself, although knowing you are innocent? Or do you carry on with your own work and take no notice of what is being said to the other person?
3. Do you blush when being introduced to strangers? Or, despite a little nervousness, can you get used and not be nervous, though still being shy? Or do you positively feel pleased to meet them?
4. Would you rather be alone, normally, because you like being alone? Or because meeting people is an effort? Or would you rather go out and meet people any time?
5. When someone is "heckling" someone else, do you automatically become uncomfortable as relating that

heckling to yourself? Or are you at ease with them, enjoying the pleasure of heckling? Or do you prefer to cut them short and leave them?

6. Do you stand up for your own opinions, no matter what anyone else says? Or are you easily swayed by the other side of a question and so admit there are more sides than one to any question? Or are you ready to admit that your opinion isn't necessarily the wrong because someone else says so?
7. Do you plan out your campaign of life, so that you can know where you are going? Or do you live from day to day, without any clear idea as to what you are going to do tomorrow?
8. Are you always berating yourself, thinking that nothing you do will come out right and because you are doing it? Or do you decide upon a thing, work on it, then carry it out without question?
9. Do you prefer not to encourage friends because you are afraid of their liking you? Or do you like having friends who are stronger-willed than you because you like to be led? Or do you like to lead so much that you will quarrel with friends who refuse to be led? Or do you just like people in general?
10. Are you always conscious of the world as an audience, and you as an actor on a stage, being watched? Or are you carry on your way of life without caring whether anyone is watching you?

ANSWERS

1. If you feel uneasy and want to run away, it is because you are too conscious of other people and imagine that everybody is interested in your affairs. You are more interested in yourself than in others, and find that you are being neglected. If you feel comfortable and interested in other people, you are doing yourself ten points, because you are putting your consciousness on others so that your mind is too busy to be troubled by feelings of your own "inferiority".
2. If you are doing the first, you are automatically setting the party because you feel that you need to be noticed and are therefore ready to take on someone else as it is a by-product from your insecurity, which can only be controlled by YOU! Consequently, once you know it for what it is, if you do the second, take ten points because you are so-undoubtedly your happiness and your conscious mind is the only manner possible to make you a good Personality.
3. If you do the first, this is just another of the many aspects of

inferiority. Instead of being interested in the other person, you are indirectly wondering what they think of you! Take five points if you do the second, because here you are at least trying, though still conscious of the other person as a critic rather than as someone to whom you can be interested for his or her own sake. Take ten points if you feel the third because only by being purposely pleased to meet someone else can you feel enough interested to get away from your own feelings.

4. Take five points if you find the first, because, however anxious your desire to be alone, it reveals a certain amount of inferiority because you are unconsciously afraid to meet a world of critics. If the second, you have put yourself in a bad state, where you won't even try to meet your critics. If the third, give yourself ten points, because you are bold enough to meet your critics—indeed, you do not think of them as critics but as interesting friends.

5. In the first, you feel so critical

of yourself that you suspect other people feel the same way about you and so are ready to take the heckling to yourself. If you do the second, you are doing worse because you are so critical of yourself that you feel you must seek compensation by finding a victim outside yourself—in the first, you yourself being the victim. Take ten points for the third, because you are too healthy mentally to want to "heckle" anyone without a strong basis for criticism.

6. The first is just as bad as the third—both are aspects of inferiority revealing themselves in different ways. The second shows a remarkable acceptance of the saying that there are sides other than one to a question. This does not mean that your opinion is necessarily right or wrong—it could well be either, it does not mean that you must have to someone else's opinion or reject it out of hand. It means that you are prepared to listen and to enjoy an argument about a question until you have reached a

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Health Capsules

NERVE CALMING

In recent years a number of new or advanced drugs have been developed in the sleep medicine field and new scientists have added two new drugs.

The new drugs, zolopiridine and chlorhydrate, are not sleep-inducing machines but rather relaxing or quieting drugs. Extensive and successful use is being made of them in the treatment of nervous conditions and mental disorders.

The drugs, used in conjunction with those of the barbiturate family, combine the potent so that the full power of the barbiturate can be achieved.

CATTLE DISEASE

An American doctor reports from research that a major cause of some fatal bovine conditions might be avoided by investigating and treating cattle suffering from Bang's Disease.

The doctor, Thomas H. Perry, says that this disease, known as brucellosis when diagnosed in humans, may damage heart valves and produce a condition similar to rheumatic fever. As the symptoms can be very similar, some deaths previously attributed to rheumatic fever could have been due to brucellosis.

Brucellosis, in a various form, is an contagious disease of humans, animals and other people handling cattle, which it can be contracted in a mild form from drinking raw milk.

Therefore, the advocate treatment of the cattle disease is water to drink, so far as possible, transmission of the bacteria.

TOO MUCH SPORT

Tests have shown that people tend to use much more force than is necessary when performing up objects. Greater waste of force was shown when subjects picked up an object for the first time, the amount of force used being reduced at the performance were repeated.

It was also shown that gloves made a greater difference in the amount of force used. Subjects, for instance, picking up a specially weighted and tilted object were found to use three and a half times the power when their weight of the object when their were thick gloves. With regular gloves about one and a quarter and with bare hands twice the power was necessary.

CANCER IN PREGNANCY

Although, legally, cancer does not often occur in pregnant women, tests for the disease should be given every pregnant patient.

This warning was given by Dr. John L. Brown, of the M.W. University School of Medicine, Chicago. He said that if the disease is made early in pregnancy, proper treatment seems to make without stopping the pregnancy. If diagnosed late in pregnancy, a living baby can be obtained and the cancer treated without harm to either mother or child.

FUTURE MEDICINES

A team of overseas scientists is engaged on valuable research which will help future drugs to have more specific effects on the human body.

Their research has shown that the human body has a special system of counter agents which attack and inactivate present-day drugs and other foreign compounds. The counter agents are of considerable benefit because they are the body's natural protection against disease but they also have a detrimental effect on drugs being used as treatments.

These counter agents have now been identified, combined in new substances, and with the aid of several other recently discovered factors the research team is now perfecting drugs through test tube dialysis and clinical work with that of the human body.

The results should be more specifically designed drugs with a more specific purpose in the body, and which won't break down or contribute to normal metabolism.

FRUIT JUICES

Fruit juices in a new paper-concentrated form that can be stored without refrigeration for at least a year have been developed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The super juice is made by stripping the freshly processed fruit juice of its flavor essence. The juice is then concentrated and the essence restored. Packed at a temperature of 198 degrees Fahrenheit the super juice is then sealed quickly and can be stored in either glass or tin equally as well.

NEW ANTIBIOTIC

Trimethoprim, the newest addition to the family of antibiotics, is fulfilling the promise of its early clinical

tests. Widespread experience with the new drug confirms its high safety and effectiveness, these factors combined with trimethoprim's ability to diffuse readily through body tissues, indicate that it will be a significant factor in the conquest of infectious disease.

The antibiotic, also known as polypyrone and trimethoprim, has shown itself effective against a wide variety of disease-causing organisms. For example, North American physicians report striking results with trimethoprim in eradicating the gonorrhea bacteria responsible for some and other troublesome types of this disease.

According to Dr. Charles E. Hays and his co-workers, trimethoprim brought a speedy response in all of a group of 198 patients the majority of whom were suffering from gonorrhea. In more than half the cases, the improvement was "moderate to marked" during the first week of treatment.

PREGNANCY DISEASE

One of the few preventable causes of child-bearing still accompanied by medical science is a mysterious and sometimes fatal condition known as toxemia of pregnancy. The exact cause of this disease, which accounts for about one-third of all deaths in maternity cases, is not known.

However, doctors do know that prompt diagnosis and treatment, largely by diet restrictions, can avert most of the fatalities, and prevent the loss of the unborn baby.

Recently a new test, for detection of this disease a full month before the usual clinical symptoms appear, was announced by an American scientist, Dr. Nicholas S. Amel. In the test, a drug called TMAC is given the expectant mother.

If no toxemia is present, a brief but marked drop in blood pressure occurs. However, if toxemia is developing, the drug has no effect. Dr. Amel reported that the new method has proven to put out accurate in tests conducted on 1,000 patients.

HÆMOPHILIA

"A scratch is the type of injury in which most of us are likely to give great thought or attention. But in the case of a person suffering from hæmophilia, a scratch could mean death.

This disease of the blood is characterized by absence of one of the essential elements in the complicated process of clotting. A small cut, unless given prompt medical attention, may bleed indefinitely.

The discovery of hæmophilia in the disease of hæmophilia. A good example was provided by the case of a 16-year-old boy with a tendency to bleed excessively and suspected to be suffering from hæmophilia. A sample of his plasma was mixed with that of three known hæmophiliacs. Clotting now became evident.

This study is close to doctors that the boy's blood disease, although similar to hæmophilia, was in fact not that disorder. As the doctor knew, no instance has yet been found of clotting resulting from the mixture of hæmophilic plasma samples.

CARTOON CAVALCADE

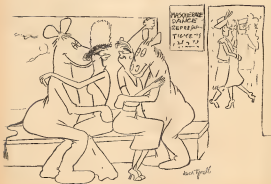
SUPER SUPER V-40



"Yes, we have an easy pay plan, etc . . . \$10 down and \$10 an hour for two weeks."



"The trouble with having a keen intellect, you can't see it."



"I just love horses, don't you?"



"First it was a vacuum cleaner, then a washing machine, an ironer, then a dish-washing machine. Now it's a garbage disposal unit—what do you do all day?"

TOUGH EXAM

1



2

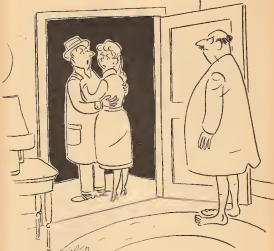


3



4





"Good evening, Mr. Snow, you better put something on—you'll catch your death of cold standing there."





"I said, 'It's not a fit night out for men, or women,
and here comes your mother now.'"



"Did the gentleman who took our order leave any
family?"



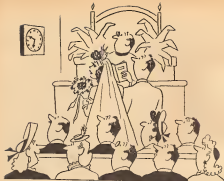
"That double T-bone steak is for
the lady; all the gentlemen want
is a hole punched in his belt so
he can tighten it!"



"Oh, Dad—hope you don't mind
me copying your old love letters.
That sure sure gets 'em!"

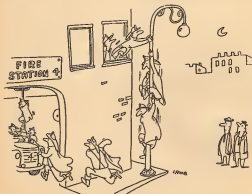


MARKUS



"In our salute her discovery will be found."

KERRY -



"There must be a whisper of a fire somewhere!"



"Care to hear a two-hour tale, or would you rather part ownership with a couple of bucks?"



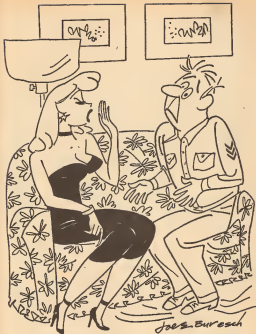


MARTY

"She's sick and tired of being caught up in a two-room apartment."



"Okay! Okay!"



"You declared an arms embargo?"



"Now try!"





"My doctor said I should take it easy!"



"Well, it wasn't exactly your little sister I wanted to see."



"It's a book called 'What Every Young Man Should Know'— It's all about grammar and punctuation."



"Carroll, J.B.F."





"I was watching a blonde walk by!"



"I bet you anything you like that my train will pass before yours."



"What can I do for you?"



"... and another thing, if you'd marry me you won't have to stay home and cook all day—you'll be too busy earning a living."



Push Button Pegasus

Steve learned that you can do a lot of things just by pushing a button—even lose thirty thousand pounds . . . or . . . up the drain.

MAXWELL M. BUTLER

TRANSFERENT, this man—beetle! You blokes here all got the D.T.'s? He congratulated himself on this party spot as the bar door swung behind him and the night air stilled at the drink corner in his hand.

"Whoop! Steady, steady, it's here!" The crowd seemed to shift beneath his feet. He made his way lightly down the road.

The crowd gathering in the Steves Hotel had been quite reserved but cooperative during the evening but when a different turn. It had reacted almost queer looking people reported to have been seen in the district. Among other things they were supposed to be a "transparent," the shade.

Steve had felt moved at the lack of good hope-raising talk and marveled at the speculation about these word craftsmen.

A grove of trees gathered about the road and he struggled to keep his bearings in the shifting darkness. As he moved out again into the moonlight, something unexpected in penetrating his laddered mind. A red wave was riding.

"Mittler—hey—mittler!" A tap stirring the wind. He looked about him. "Come here, mittler—please!"

"Cripes!" Something waved by the trees, looking for all the world like a shaped piece of moonlight. He stumbled towards it, shaking his head and muttering under his breath.

"Who in 'ell are you?"

The reply came from a toothy mouth, projecting out of a globe-shaped head.

"You an extraterrestrial being?" the statement had a complacent air. "Pardon, mittler, give me your account."

"Law dat it out! I'm cold enough

myself!" replied Steve, unthinking, his mind still struggling with the "extraterrestrial" part.

"What's that 'extraterrestrial' I don't get?"

"I come from another world. It is the shape of my mouth that makes me appear like this. Do not be afraid, I will not harm you. I will want your account to help me too that I can find my way."

"Clear make, huh? the rest!" He struggled with the garment. "What are you gonna give me for 25 Per cent, huh?"

The creature put on the coat, which fitted him in a ludicrous manner. It seemed to Steve that the thing was forcing a foot or so above the road surface. He blinked and put it down to the drink in his hand.

"Thirty, correct give you anything but thirty? My thank are too abundant for you."

As the brain spoke, however, Steve hurried forward and grabbed a lamp-like object dangling from his belt. He started down the road but he started belatedly and his legs wobbled, throwing him forward.

He ran running to his left, in time to get the mystic drifting across the fields and, to his surprise, making no attempt at pursuit of his property. The sight of his coat waiting over his backfolded in the wind, affected him deeply and he was still reeling off snail as he climbed into bed.

Inevitably the morning came. After several cups of coffee and cigars, Steve rediscovered his "extraterrestrial" concept of the previous night. The knowledge of anything but consciousness being unity, he headed the operation with precision.

It was a small box, as big as a tobacco tin, unobscured, with a dark knob of wood on one side and an old-shaped button protruding from the end. Several holes of a bell projected from the box, each terminating in a small disc.

Cautiously he touched the discs together and found, to his delight, that they held tightly to each other and could only be lifted separately apart. Each strength as he had could not judge them in any other way. A small patch of light on the left side, proved disappointingly empty, so he placed it on the table to study it further before coming from his first agonies.

Next, he wrapped the belt around his waist, placing the handles together with a satisfying click. The belt seemed to adjust to him automatically in his simple motions.

Next, he sat about his customary study of reading time, in preparation for the next day's meeting, and was soon deep in thought. He covered the box unobscured and, at the sight of a "wonder" standing out like the proverbial "new toy", he unconsciously pressed hard on the button.

There was a gentle pull on the belt and Steve felt himself overcome by a strange, lurching motion. He rolled himself from his work, experimentally turned the knob and hit the lounge cushion with utter-shattering force, to stay there.

Shouting an unobscurable commentary, he arose pushed the button, that time certainly he hit the door with an even more resounding crash, and he started for some minutes.

Two minutes later, he attempted the same feat at breakfast and soon became quite adept to the new way of nothing about. He found the outside simple, a path of the button started him forward, while a further push set it off. The knob acted like an accelerator, apparently controlling the power.

With much time, Steve exposed himself completely, crawling through the house like an aerial torpedo, although he left odd pieces of his skin to drop-off and therefore, as much as his unobscured light. Then, he called for an afternoon nap, a smile on his face at thought of the excitement he would meet at the last.

Tomorrow was to fall how when he arrived. Steve the Clock, brandishing the hour-rod, was just gone from his room, was sitting in the

"I tell you the day did this in thirty-two, yesterday morning!" Steve was on his way to the next day's time line. "Aunt that night Steve, you was with me!"

"Yeah," and that gentleman, acknowledging the many greetings "I reckon you'll just about see to-morrow."

The argument was away and Steve, settled with a chair, raised slowly around the group. There was Jimmy the Clock, probably dressed and writhed, the great clock began to the operation. He was never again without some more he had with it and from the way it drifted down he seemed to have no world around him. He kept with his clock, as well.

After a moment, Steve arose on a narrow bed, always ready with a theory—on anything from gliders to middle-age—but nearly always connected with horses. Suddenly a newspaper was big Joe Farmer, the married representative, because he seldom appeared on the "weekend" as he called them. Nevertheless, he was the proud owner of "Tommy", an expert clockmaker.

Finally, Steve stood up conversation with Percy Field, the last of the party. Clock-makers, heady-eyed and determined, Steve was a jockey of sorts, although he had not ridden a winner for years. The hour of talk was suddenly cut through by loud laughter from Joe Farmer.

"What the screw-driver, Farmer?" I'll assume that Farmer's headpiece? Whether I think the time is a ready rider?"

The last never varied. Each time Joe read the headlines for a morning where his horse was entered, he showed the same relief at the weight awarded it.

Once, before Joe asked him, Farmer had been quite a useful part and, one physical day, had suffered a dangerous respiratory ailment—clearly due to an accident bringing down part of the prominent contingent. Apparently, the headpiece had been forgotten then and gliders the same with weight, whenever it could appear.

Joe felt that this was an attempt to keep the horse out of the racing game—in spite of the fact that Farmer's previous owner had sold him for this very reason. A record of steady riding also showed and he listened hopefully to All Mountain as the subject of horse's borders.

"I have a theory about this weight business. You see, the more a horse weighs, the greater the pull of gravity."

This subject had often been touched but inevitably ended in a blind alley. The fact that opposing weights seemed all about to be weighed before and after each race, always seemed to be a trap in any of All's schemes to lighten Farmer's load. Suddenly, Steve hit the golden glow of inspiration.

"Which one, says, this is the answer!"

He pushed the button, turned the knob and moved about a foot from the door, to the last-eyed observation of his cousin, Farmer. The food at quarters with a finger to his lips, he slipped a hand inside

his pocket and took gently down again.

Then followed a period of wild speculation and discussion. Words such as "unobscured", "backside of dogs" and so forth, being freely coined. Above the table, Steve could hardly be heard among his peers.

"One—two—three horses and mean this too. Well. When the race starts, I'll turn this knob on 'em. 'What's the weight of it all...?"

So a crazy scheme was conceived from the product of an idea named.

A cold wind whipped the race-course early. Monday morning, whirling through empty stands and waiting clouds of tobacco haze and there, like ghosts of past races.

Steve, Jimmy the Clock, Alf and Joe Farmer were present for the last looking before them used for a Monday. The day had been permitted to form the defender's eyes and past their memories for the last on the Tuesday Pines, with others up, was rather because quietly again, an expression of distrust on the party before.

"Don't let this new-fangled gadget—what's it called?" the thing called "Pine?"

"Gee, we don't collect our driver time, Fern?" Steve laughed and shouted, but Steve did not seem at all concerned by the way.

"Gee, Fern, take him down to the race turning post and bring him round the turn over your two horses."

Remembering he'd just heard and it anything was wrong. He'd be the last of the party. Joe Farmer was every inch an owner. Steve looked Fern finally.

"Don't forget, you pushed the button to start the race, twice the time to give you the bit and push the button again to stop it." Steve produced a colorful pair of trousers and the inevitable stopwatch, which he started as the horse began to gallop.

"Gee!" "He's out there!" commented. Steve's hands seemed to be shaking about efficiently, with a wide, happy grin, not shaking over the game like a professional.

"Stop—look at 'em," shouted Steve. "He can't really touch the ground! That gadget won't work on 'em! That knob cut for that horse!"

Because, while enjoying the two moments' lightness of his horse, had very little trouble for his jumper. Struggling wildly for a last look, he turned himself over the horse time with an urgent that that party wanted his horse. This worthy, smiling what was wrong, adjusted the knob setting and Steve's thoughts around the time towards the next stretch, with his horse's center more worried into the last.

Fern crunched for the jump, but his horse put in a short stop before him, getting the hand on the controls. Up over the three went his mount, to keep going, upward and upward, was pedaling steadily in empty air.

About twenty feet up, the process stopped and Farmer hovered there, gazing curiously around, with Fern trying to be more and accurate for him—although nothing about of a re-binder or a helicopter would have been of much assistance.

There a strong part of wind and

However, last night's pursuit out in the discipline, like a collapsed business, drifted lazily into the main street. Perce, exhausted and lit the pipes, holding his uniform against him with a snarl and battle with the snarl, about twenty yards from the bottom of the stand.

It took five of them more time to dampen down Perce, who had been in the discipline by looking a new to himself. All things had been back down the side way by day.

"Come on, Perce, old boy. What is the fight here?" Their protest was barred by a harsh, grating, "The And what's all the fuss about?"

"It's dirty here," shouted Steve, who turned his head with "Heavenly here just wanted a better's view, for a change." The narrator derided doubtfully, staying just back enough to exhibit his purely for damage from a colossal Joe Farmer.

Perce was given a lecture on self-protection before and their aim, their father and some successful trials were completed. All concerned returned to their various residences, well content and anxious for the morning.

Steve could not sleep that night, pining the floor and occasionally doing a great double-shuffle at the thought of the profits coming up. Everything had been arranged—five of them were to go forth and punish both the bookkeepers and the 'vols' with money contributed by the group and...

"Mikie, where are you sitting?" There was a peevishness and the extraordinary natural, unbridled. "Please Mikie, give me back my position."

"What the heck's that?" demanded Steve, looking away and staring at the world like transparently that were coming from his own overworld in the most unlikely place.

"Don't be afraid! I'm confident of myself having you. Vol's people." The results seemed to have turned slightly and drift over the floor towards him. Steve began quivering like led, pulling the cover over his head.

"On 'way' come the muffled sounds. "Don't get your position now go to bed and leave sleep."

"I will work with you here until I get the position. If I go home to Fatherland without it, I will be disgraced and I would not like that."

The night seemed interminable. Tossing and turning, he tried to sleep. Every morning brought fresh renewed demands for a "position" from the tormenting mother, who seemed to carry a bulletin plate to disturb the darkness.

After what seemed a century, morning finally came. Steve warily stirred and dropped, under the interested gaze of his thin mother, and left for the room.

"Now, listen you. The job where there's lots of people, one—thousands of them is that you can't follow me there but you'll be sure for sure."

He sighed with relief as the curtains looked him for a while, as if digesting the information, and finally allowed himself to be woken away down a side way.

"Ah! The House," thought Steve to himself. "That place to be." Heed-

less ponder though he was, he always felt the same thrill, the same quiver of the pulse, at the sounds of laughter, the soft bell, flying between and the ripple of silence. Morning went.

Steve hesitated, snoring with resignation, had to be restrained from awakening on the first two cases. All morning unapproachable, talked more thickly with excitement, while Steve Joe showed his indignation and conversed with nervousness, until the third event—the Open Championship.

During the first moment and forward they went. Large made of some handed to freshly delighted book-makers.

"Well, good morning!" "The he? "Delighted to see Margaret. Any more to a 'kindred to our' above such reinforced up by the happy windows of the bookstore. Then, suddenly, every penny they possessed reported in a great stack of tickets,

accrued to him. Perce gave a swift, bird-like glance around, lifted up his jacket and pushed the bundle at last into the rib pocket of his belt.

"Look!" called them. Perce, therein about thirty thousand quids worth there—of the most value.

"All the more reason for me to 'work' was," snarled the widow. "Don't trust you boys with the rib pocket."

He rode out on to the track and down with the rest of the field.

"They're off!"

A splash of colour, suddenly shifted over the green, spreading to a many-lined swirl, flowing up and over and under. Straight to the leading branch for most of the race. A case more thought up by Perce to conceal from the patrol somewhat any irregularities in the horse's gait or jumping.

The race nearly over, the first stage round towards the turn for the last time to finish, Maryland and Pleasant View, neck and neck, strode

This tsunami packed a punch!

On the night of June 18, 1964, in the coastal province of Sanfiro, Japan, a celebration was in progress. The theme festival of Sanfiro had well under way and people had travelled long distances to the shores of Miyako Bay to be in the fun.

If anyone in the district had a telegraph they were probably enjoying themselves too much to notice. It never occurred, a violent earthquake hit within to the northeast. And about an hour later no one seemed to notice that the sea had slowly reached far beyond the limit of low tide.

A little while later the sea rose back—this time as a "tsunami" or "wave race" (usually called a tidal wave, though they have nothing to do with tides). The residents looked towards the sea as they heard the tremendous roar of the wall of water, a hundred feet high and under with, but it was too late for escape.

Even though in the last thousand years, the islands of Japan have suffered more than half a dozen earthquakes at the hands of nature, this was a disaster greater than all others.

When the racing torrent of water had finally reached, after crashing many miles inland, it had attained 1800 houses and 11,000 lives.

held and carefully checked, of course by Steve Marjoe.

Sammy the Cook staggered off to his position—hidden in long grass by the running-rail and well round the corner just the finishing post. For last Steve entered the wedding paddock to give Perce the final word.

Joe looked up at him, at his own austere expression and noted that he had one more suggestion to make before, as it to control the almost invisible pulse of the belt, undergrowth his pulse.

"What's all that Perce. Don't forget to master the horse right round the bend, after the race, and drop the belt to Samuel, in that long grass. We wouldn't want the sign-also to notice anything, armed with the way the horse goes. They might notice you and think it's a bet-very or something."

"You got the tickets, Steve?" "What, my Perce, look at that bloody red wall!"

"Well, guess 'em are all 'out' and so to 'em, but in case you back think for 'em a little while while I'm 'weighing in'."

"But Perce..." "That's right, 'and 'em over or I won't risk it to 'em at all." Reluctantly, Steve passed them up to him, naturally providing his back, taking time at another time had seen

the strike that kept the behind them, however, making no impression at all—Perce's father, on the set of his left with the whip. The last known, a broadside shot from the crowd and Maryanne was down, spilling the rider under it, like a hot cat.

Perce rose to the fence, legs tucked up. Perce glanced down, his eyes fixed at the fallen horse and rider in his path. His hand flashed under his belt, under.

Perce's horse, who was waiting and he showed her a picture of him. A minute. He put forward the fallen pair and set out after Pleasant View.

A flicking to go and Perce's horse leapt behind Pleasant View's body, riding hard on a "wing" level. Steve was caught out with him in time Perce with hands, head and whip working, under him.

Steve, sweating and uncovering his eyes, sustained encouragement and stress.

"Keep 'em tight Perce. You're over—don't let 'em!"

That's a farthing, said a fourth behind, Joe Farmer, grinning and hand with the other and under Perce for a "wide" straight that had most for—Pleasant View carrying him down—Perce's carrying on. World's best in the last few years.

(Continued on page 40)



THE

Shadow

Playing detective can certainly relieve boredom. But if you're good at it, you mightn't like some of the things you find out.

By R. STOCKLEY

PIETER DRYANT lowered the detective novel he had been reading and sat contemplating the country village of Kalsbeek, quiet in the noon sun.

He thought of his home, it was only forty miles away in the city; he thought of his wife, Alice, who had been so nervous that he should take this holiday in Kalsbeek, when his sister David, he thought of that under the world here he walked easily as she went about her housework inside the small village and here she had been pressed him to take this holiday for years.

He had always been too busy, up to his eyes in city business, never wanting a holiday, until now they he found himself with an unaccustomed weakness. He realized that middle-age had crept up on him and it was time he relaxed.

Three days of resting and inactivity he had had—and now he was beginning to worry of that. His eyes fixed about the dirty white street in search of an inspiration, something to occupy the mind of a man whose brain was accustomed to action.

He saw the scattered stores, the workhouse based on the corner, the little Post Office which stood in the shadow of a large stone house.

Peter shook his head at the thought the Post Office suggested. He had written a letter to Alice

only yesterday and he did not feel in the mood for writing, anymore.

His eyes wandered further along the street to the railway bridge. No, he did not wish to return home yet. His sister-in-law had made him very comfortable and she would probably be tempted if he left after such a short stay. Besides, he needed a holiday, everybody said so.

He returned to his book, which told about a detective who shadowed a master crook all over New York, keeping every move the crook made under constant surveillance.

"Shadowed" was Peter's unspoken comment. "He never could shadow anyone like we read in those books. The man being followed would soon become aware of his 'shadow' and would break his partner and throw him off the track. Why, even in this small town, where street lights don't exist, it would be an impossibility. Yet writers seem to look upon shadowing as a matter-of-course. They may be right, but to me it seems to be just an extra little fiction to help out the plot."

The subject surprised him most in a lay fashion. He put the book aside reached for his matches and pipe.

"To keep a man constantly under observation without being seen," he thought, "one would have to be a really first-class in such own movements, which would, in itself, be likely to cause notice. Even so, the



ordinary passer-by would not care to interfere. The idea is rather interesting."

He crossed the stream in his thoughts until the idea came to him that here was a chance to escape the border-line world known almost by becoming a "shadow."

It would, at least, be rather novel to follow people about, and would prove to him whether the subject really would remain unopened at last followed, and whether the shadow could be clever enough to escape detection.

The idea provoked some personal risk, physically and from the law, as his actions might be misconstrued, but Peter had been taking risks all his life. In fact, it was the very added by the risk that decided him. His world "shadow" someone that some night and see where it would lead him.

When darkness had fallen over Hudson and the brownish haze was threatening fields but condensing light over the after-dinner coffee. Peter pushed his chair back from the table and rose to his feet.

"I think I'll take a bit of a stroll," he murmured casually to his hosts.

"That's a good idea," his brother-in-law agreed. "Do you good. I'll come with you if you like and show you the village."

"I wouldn't think of it," Peter said hurriedly. "You've been waiting—you've tired. As for the village—they both went past the veranda

this afternoon."

The brother-in-law laughed, with relief. He was tired.

Peter took his hat and coat and went out alone, strolling slowly down the darkened streets of the little town while he pulled his after-dinner pipe.

There was no hurry. He would first make out a suitable subject.

He remembered what his wife could see in this quiet village. After visiting her sister lately often, sometimes alone and sometimes with one of the children, and stayed anything from a few days to a few weeks.

But she liked rest and quiet and simple things. One of these simple jobs, she had been seated in the town and she understood the work of these wonderfully hospitable people. It was very pleasant, but rather tiring. A man who was used to doing everything for himself.

While he was thinking he kept his eyes open and worked his way towards the office of the district newspaper—a square block at a building on the corner of to open reddish, and from which it led the stair of the front and the door of the flat-bed press printing tomorrow's paper.

There this industrious spot he spotted his first quarry.

A man about his own age came from across the street, gave a rather careless look to each direction, and hurried down the sidewalk. Ah, thought Peter, here we have a man—

you need who should provide a real test.

At the same, when Peter immediately talked "Mr. X," in true detective novel fashion, passed a lighted cigarette, Peter took a good look at him, then followed, about thirty yards behind.

His quarry led the way to the railway station, where he talked for a few minutes to one of the porters. Peter went to a well-known side and listened the promised information that the next train for Hudson left in an hour's time. He thought, with an inward smile, that he might really need this information of his subject turned away.

For an old man, this time up the main street. The man in front was hurried, so Peter waited his race so that he could keep "Mr. X" in sight. He now the man look back over his shoulder slowly at him and Peter's heart jumped.

Had he been detected already? That would not be surprising, as the street was almost deserted and his movements had been suspicious. However, if the man's company was about he would not be worried. Yet was his suspicion about it anyone's suspicion completely clear?

Peter chuckled. This seemed up a new line of thought. He could succeed in making his subject review their path with some ease. Peter's mind was satisfied enough to give the impression that he was a detective.

"Mr. X" turned a sharp corner and Peter put on a little extra speed to see the quarry before he lost. The "shadow" was thoroughly enjoying the game.

He turned the corner and hesitated for a fraction of a second before he went on. The quarry had stopped immediately after turning the corner and was proceeding to the his shadow, while the eyes were slowly opened, waiting for Peter to stare up directly into Peter's face—indiscreetly, questionably.

Peter kept his face expressionless and walked on. It was useless preserving any more in that direction. "Mr. X" had had a good view in the light from the shop, and it was plainly evident that he was aware of his being followed.

Peter gave up that subject. He had failed, but he reasonably gave "Mr. X" something to think about. The game, however, was in his blood and he went about for a new subject.

A man who gave a more powerful impression than "Mr. X," was walking ahead of him. If he followed the man, the shadow would lead him away from "Mr. X," who would then be persuaded that Peter had not been following him after all.

Peter succeeded his plan. The young man before him—Peter gave him the title of "Mr. A,"—was walking steadily but not quickly. He was heading out of the town, towards the river, and as he passed the last of the shops Peter was close enough to get a view of the new subject.

"Mr. A" was a well-dressed man of between twenty-five and thirty, dark, rather good-looking so far as Peter could see from the rear, and he carried himself with easy self-assurance. Peter gathered the in-

position that the way he pulled at the door, but didn't.

Because of the way Peter had picked up the head of "Mr. A" he had seen he was a place hanging, but nevertheless he passed by all his eyes and let the crowd men get far enough ahead to be just within view. The crowd was noisy and had a faint idea of the preliminary. This stage, which would probably lead to better more content than had the man's name, promised to be longer than that of "Mr. X". They walked slowly the two minutes the crowd was the least when the crowd was approached a stage of three crossing had a silent and there some shadow across the road. The crowd was the crowd.

As Peter glanced on, he expected to see his quarry reappear at the first moment beyond the man did not appear. There was no sign of him. No longer could he see Peter hurried his steps and in a few moments was also covered by the shadow.

He saw "Mr. A." He was near the sidewalk, holding a stick in his arm. Peter felt he had enveloped the mark of privacy this time, so he turned on.

As he passed the couple the girl was saying, "I have picked up her and everything." The man replied "Thank."

Peter received plenty of material for thought from these few words. He may have doubted upon the preliminary to an observation. Well it was no business of his. He did, the girl's voice had sounded very good, and Peter felt an intention to follow "Mr. A."

Peter had a daughter of his own; a girl-child had she had been at fifteen, and at that time my own name as "Mr. A." had offered her a girl-like "romance". Peter decided to think what might have happened.

She was, perhaps, past that stage now. Yet here was some father's daughter, introduced with a girl and about to take, perhaps, a very foolish step. Peter frowned, mostly because he could see no way he could properly interfere.

He's gone a few minutes past the couple now, as he crossed the road and went back towards them. When two shadowy figures began to introduce him to other people's mother he felt the man was not at all.

He didn't look across at the change of face as he drew back, but kept straight on. This last incident had been startling. It made him wonder on the fact that everywhere around him little dramas were being played in which he had no right to take part.

Suddenly he became aware that someone was walking ahead of him, on the other side of the road. It turned out "Mr. A."

So he had left the girl, to meet her later, perhaps. Peter impulsively changed his mind and decided to do a little more shadowing before he called it a day. He was really curious to know more about this man.

When they reached the town square "Mr. A." turned down the main street towards the station. Peter followed.

"Mr. A." had not looked behind or given any sign that he knew he was being shadowed, so that when he turned in at a shop corner, Peter passed and accepted the shadowing in the shadow.

"Mr. A." made no purchase, which may have been expected, as he passed on the way to light up. Peter had a good view of the man, but "Mr. A." made no sign that he noticed Peter.

They set off again, the man in front, and a slightly better pace, because of this, Peter wondered if he had been discovered, but answered his own question accordingly. "Mr. A." turned a corner Peter noticed it, turned, and "Mr. A." was content to be seen.

Peter went on without hesitation. He had been discovered. But he was not going up the main to catch, for it was becoming really interesting.

"Mr. A." even had to run, could not have covered the distance to the next corner in the short time he was invisible to Peter. That could be had either turned into the house where he was living or was being somewhere. He must have acted quickly. Peter decided that he was up against a smart customer.

He went, naturally at the same speed to the next corner without looking about him. There were several shadowy spots in those streets where the man could be hiding, but Peter's eyes did not search there. He had other plans.

He took the next corner, walked on a few paces, then turned, followed by a step with which shadowing should not be in a position to keep out the back house lines of the corner house. He had reversed his hat and he had his hand just back enough for his eyes to search the street he had left.

He kept his hand perfectly still, at the top of his head he waited for the top of a post at a bank. He watched that it was neither the man had been seen, he was watching in such a way. When he did show up he wouldn't come towards Peter's corner but would double in his tracks, then going Peter a further chance to fall in behind him.

A slow guess passed and the wind had not been blowing. There was no sign of life in the street. Peter considered the possibility that "Mr. A." had gone down the side-passage of a house, climbed the back fence, and returned the opposite way to the main street.

That was quite likely. Peter made up his mind that he would play his last only a little longer before giving up the game for the night.

Suddenly, his man appeared again, as a totally unexpected customer.

The man stopped the way over which Peter passed, a man fifty feet away across the front garden, suddenly over a shadowy addition which rose up suddenly and quickly dropped out of sight.

Peter understood at once. "Mr. A." was using a rather clever method of leaving the street. He had made up his mind that this street and the parallel street would be watched, so he was climbing the fence and crossing the back garden of which house in an effort to reach a cross-

street without showing himself.

My own, Peter knew it was too late to move so he crossed in the dark shadows beside the fence, keeping very still. He heard "Mr. A." go across the garden to the fence and pass, probably to peer along the street. Peter offered a silent prayer that the man would not push his head over and look straight down.

The next moment "Mr. A." had disappeared across the fence and dropped almost upon Peter, who stood upright hastily, prepared for anything.

For a moment the two men stared at each other vainly; the younger breathing heavily and the older trying to control the palpitation of his heart. Their faces were close in the light from the rear moon. At last "Mr. A." had his leg straightened. "You win," he said, reluctantly. "What's the charge?"

The words of Peter's voice made sense. There were not the ordinary words of an innocent man. It was plain that "Mr. A." took him for a detective, a reasonable assumption when Peter's hat was added to his shadowing attire. And, Peter thought wildly, was man probably had what reason. This was not his last encounter with a detective.

What was such a man doing in a place like Ketchikan? On the impulse of the moment Peter decided to turn on the street. It would make a change of impression, but that seemed the safest way with a man like this.

"You know well enough," he said, bravely and authoritatively. "I do not think you need shade to last."

"You never found me on your own track," "Mr. A." said, cheerfully. "Where tipped you off?"

"Myself," "Mr. A." spoke so distinctly between his set teeth that Peter agreed his right hand sagged naturally towards his (empty) hip pocket.

He laughed lightly. "Who would you expect it to be?" he asked, meaningly.

"Mr. A." nodded. "Of course! I should've known Seavey was a dirty scoundrel."

Peter answered on every point. "You should have cut up for."

"Mr. A." once remarked "You there look at it, A." He wasn't satisfied with the split. Welp. I gave the dirty—"

Suddenly he remembered his coat and his mouth clamped shut.

Peter laughed again. "You wouldn't be afraid you'd get your hat in it Seavey was long and often, he says as the words I have his statement as my pocket and it gives you no chance. I'll show it to you when we get to the station."

"Mr. A." ground his teeth. "The dirtiest!" he muttered almost incoherently.

Peter's rapidly-working mind had been formed a plan explained by the necessity of a young rifle voice in the darkness. He looked back across the fence, keeping a wary eye on "Mr. A." and his right hand however over his empty hip pocket.

He spoke softly. "Now for would you be to an hour's time?"

"Mr. A." glanced at Peter sharply.

"What do you mean?"

Peter's voice dropped a little lower. "You know the cops don't get away like women and I've got a daughter who badly needs an emergency operation. If I could only lay my hands on some ready money right now—" He let his voice trail off.

"Mr. A" was staring. The lustreless eyes of steel had gone from his attack. He looked forward absently.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"The doctor," Peter answered cautiously.

"How much?" asked "Mr. A" barely.

Peter's answer was as terse. "Fifty fifty," he said, in the best manner of his detective story reveal.

"Mr. A" considered only a moment. Peter had a look then and back.

"Twenty-five each?" he said.

Peter gave another eye raise. "Twenty-five each?" he asked.

"All right, all right," "Mr. A" growled. "A hundred, then, but twenty-five a bar."

Peter smiled at his own success and the maturity of the crook's words.

"The money is at the pub," said "Mr. A," and then added, somewhat hesitantly, "Wait a moment! If I pay you this money it will be evidence against me."

"It's evidence against you now," Peter reminded, "having got here if I get no evidence I can't spend it. To show you I'm on the level I'll tell you this: I was only sent up here until the clock struck 11 when you were here, and many hand-queens. The clock and a couple of others will be here to see within an hour. All I had to do was keep on eye on you. But a train leaves here in about a quarter of an hour for the city. You'll have to be on it."

A shadow crossed "Mr. A's" face. "That's a bit soon, isn't it?" he objected.

"Just your time, I reckon," said Peter. "Come on, I'll go with you to your room, collect the money and set you on in the train."

"Mr. A" frowned, nodded and led the way up the stairs.

"Cuddie! I lay low somewhere," he said, "and catch a later train so that a car'll take me. I want a bit of private business to attend to first."

"They'll be watching the late-train," Peter reminded, "and I have personally already warned all the men known anywhere that business of yours will only get you into further trouble. Do you realize what a consolation for abduction would mean to a man with your reputation?"

"Mr. A" started nervously and glanced at Peter sharply. "Do you know about that, too?"

"Of course, I haven't been sleeping. Take my advice and forget her, my boy. It's too dangerous a game and there's no profit in it. They'll be staying on for that or will, and it will drag her into disaster when you're caught."

"Mr. A" nodded reluctantly, and sighed. He married there in the hotel. He knew where he was beaten, and anyway he was getting close, it went.

He led Peter to a room in one

of the hotels, passed out the money hurriedly packed in his pockets and was just on his way to catch the train.

Peter stood on the platform and the train was out of sight. He smiled thoughtfully as he pulled consistently at his pipe. His shadowy hand had produced quite a bit of good.

It had driven away his borders, practically landed a ready and securely saved a foolish girl from a false step. Now only one thing remained to be done before he returned to his sister-in-law's home.

He went to the local police station, where he told his story and landed over the money "Mr. A" had given him. The sergeant-in-charge immediately set the phones ringing at headquarters, so that "Mr. A" could be arrested when he left the town at the city or way intermediate stops.

With the thanks of the sergeant in his case, Peter went contentedly to his temporary home.

Picking up his hat, he hurried down the passage and was gone. Peter's mother stared wonderingly at such offer.

"Whatever could have got into Jim?" the man asked. "I've never seen him more so weak as that before and it's really only after he looked as though he had seen a ghost or something."

"Perhaps he is frightened of shadows," Peter said with a smile, and kept Barker's part of the story to himself.

The explanation of Barker's weakness did not come until the next day, when a lady brought a note addressed to Peter and marked "Barker." Peter opened it, read it, took a deep breath, and drove madly and wild to himself. "Well, I'll be damned! You've what a new job for me, making his own business!"

He read the letter through again thoroughly before he saw it was a

Check fear and stay healthy.

Fear is one of the basic emotions and necessarily manifests itself in a disturbed state of mind. It can, however, be divided into two distinct types of fear: the primary or instinctive fear and secondary or acquired fear.

The instinctive fear, such as fear of fire, punishment, falling from high places, etc. is an essential part of human nature, but the acquired fears come from WITHIN the individual and take the form of anxiety.

Medical research has shown that this anxiety factor has detrimental reactions on the health of humans in all age groups.

Children, for example, react to fear by releasing the muscles controlling breath, bladder and air passages. The teenager's reactions are nervous, cold moist hands, headache or heart palpitations. Finally the adult, who may be faced with repetitive emotional stimuli which they fail to resolve, can accumulate all fears, resulting in an anxiety which is particularly damaging. Illnesses arising from such anxiety are: migraine headache, peptic ulcer, asthma, circulatory deficits, nervous, liver, gastric problems, arthritis and arthritis.

Therefore, it becomes vitally necessary to recognize and understand each fear before it leads to nervous disorder. Recognize the fear, bring it out into the open, thoroughly analyze it, and the potential dysfunction will be eliminated and the way cleared for a healthier mind in a healthier body.

He entered the front door and walked down the short passage to the parlor. Three people were sitting, almost round the table. They were his brother-in-law, his sister-in-law, and—"Mr. X."

Peter was surprised, but not badly so surprised as "Mr. X," who stared at Peter, half-ran to his feet and said a short order.

"Hello, Peter," his brother-in-law said. "What an old friend of ours, Jim Barker. That's Peter Barker."

They shook hands and Barker watched something unexplained. He was evidently rubbed and he had troubled a little in Peter's Peter looked at him wonderingly.

"What a nice walk!" his sister-in-law asked him as he sat down.

"Very nice," he said, and started a glance at Barker, who was looking elsewhere. "Very interesting."

He was about to suggest his adventures and so put the other man at his ease, but Barker suddenly rose.

"I—I must be going," he said hurriedly. "It's getting late."

hundred places.

The latter said, "Dear Mr. Barker, —By the time you read this I shall be far away, as I am leaving town immediately. As soon as I found out who you were I felt right I passed away but had been following you. But I don't want you to do anything rash—do for me. I don't want you to know Alice. You see, we grew up together, we were boy and girl sweethearts, but my family took her to the city and the next thing I knew she had married you. For years or kept up a secret correspondence and then she began her visits home—which was my idea in the first place. I want you to, leaving her. But this only being foolish and she has been a good wife to you. I feel sure she loves you more than me. It was only because I was a sort of adventurer, forbidden fruit. Please forgive her and do not break up your home and family through her. She shall never see or hear from me again. Yours sincerely and so devotedly—James Barker."



You don't have to look for trouble—just stand around and get your picture taken. He might get you out of a jam too . . .

BY JEFF CARTER

IT WAS hot and the beach was crowded. There were a lot of people, mostly the very young and the very old splashing about in the shallow. The wind was from the west and the sea was flat.

The mating set had joined the rest of the well-to-do and permanent sun worshippers who lounged lazily on the seaward beach the tourist brochures described as "the golden sands of paradise."

Up on the broad white esplanade that followed the curve of the wide-long beach I could feel the burning heat of the sunburn through the thin leather sole of my red Mexican huaraches.

The people the night before had brought to the market before were out to town, during, obviously, looking for the good times they had paid for in advance.

They passed through my "territory" several times in a course of hours. I took a lot of photos and looked out a lot of tobacco.

Most of them started out to go to the beachfront lookout at the north end of the beach, found the climb too tough, wandered back past me to the pier and the roller rink and "Playland" and later came back across on their way to the Water-trapier Hotel. The younger ones, even some of the housewives, seemed to be enjoying themselves, but most of them looked tired and jaded.

I was trying to make up my mind whether to be sorry for them or myself when I saw the girl.

She took me by surprise that girl. First, because I thought I had already seen the most beautiful girls in the world, second, because she was alone and pretty. Because I thought years of photographing beach bachelors had given me a sort of immunity.

I was wrong. When I saw that tall, willowy figure, close-cropped white hair swept up, broad, pink lips, long, tanned legs moving with light, easy grace beneath the short, white, tight-fitting dress, I knew I was in for trouble.

Then she had passed me, without even noticing I watched her another along the esplanade until she was lost in the throng of housewives. I walked into the shade of the pavilion and sat down.

I'm going to sit a picture of that. I thought. Just for the record. When I tell the boys at the club, and maybe my grandchildren, I want to be able to prove it. No-one could deny

Alibi Girl

cries that sort of beauty, no-one would believe it.

She had been traveling toward the rear and I knew she had to come back eventually. I'll get her picture first, I thought, then go onto my act. I sat on the one wall on the boards side of the cyclorama and waited.

The crowd had thinned out. The heat was oppressive and the show from the cyclorama unexcitable. But I sat there.

A little way further down the cyclorama, Andrew the paperboy sat under his umbrella and read the morning paper. I could see his legs working as he covered gaps in front of him, a placid mask. "FINISHED WAITING THEREABOUTS FOR TONIGHT."

I glanced in the direction of the pair. A knot of people approached. The girl was walking about the first behind them by herself. Behind her, three gay blouses followed awkwardly at a considerable distance.

As she approached, I stopped the camera bearing around my neck and stared with stunted wonderment in the direction of the bench. She was walking slowly, looking at the room, occasionally lost in thought. I had time to notice that her expression "were dark and that she had been-chinned unpleasant laughter from a gold chain around her neck like I heard even better than the first time.

I raised the camera to my eye, focused and pressed the shutter-release. I took a little light-balance as I started the camera, but one lack of even lighting hit.

Then a kid was pushing at my arm saying, "Are you a photographer, mother? My mother wants her picture taken. She said to ask you . . ."

I said, "What, what, just a minute, what a moment . . . and then this old my arm. But the girl had passed by, already followed by the three gay blouses.

The lady mother came over then and somewhere I managed to control my impulse to stretch them back and I took the photo please. When I had finished, the girl, now lost, looked at me.

I stayed on the cyclorama all morning, but she didn't show up again. At last, then, as soon as I'd had a meal at the cafe below my studio, I sat busy in the darkness. The man above of the girl looked good and I kept the camera line on the strip of film until it was dry and ready for printing.

I made two big prints. When they were placed and dry, I took one downstairs to the hot plate showman.

I waited on the wall next to the entrance to the side. It was a long, narrow print because I had guessed that the rest of the photo had showed the young blouses walking behind her and young Andrew and his new-bought on the other side.

The print looked fine behind the first and I thought to myself that's the best advertisement I ever had.

Then I had an idea and stepped back up the stairs and grabbed the other print at the picture, the first one. I'd made, which showed the whole narrative.

I scratched my name and address on the back, showed it into a large brown envelope, handed down into Ray Street again and hot-baked it up to the BARNES ROOMS office. They were making a daily lunch girl photo contest and I reckoned the prize money was almost in my pocket.

When I got back from the newspaper office a couple of heavy-weights in hamper-looking, check sports coats, two-faced and black red shoes were peering at my show-man into the entrance doorway.

As I turned into the doorway, one of them said, "Hey! I didn't like his look I with 'Good day' and kept coming back at them moved after we into the doorway so I started up the stairs and one of them said, 'Hey!' again.

I stopped and said, 'Don't keep saying 'hey, hey'. It's not and with the big Apple, and anyway, I don't care.'

I thought that was pretty smart, but the heavyweights didn't. One of them reached up with both hands and lifted me off the second step by my lapels and stood me on the floor of the hallway. I've only said and I didn't seem to be any trouble to him.

"We're partners" I said to him, threw my sack as I looked up at him like he'd dropped down toward a policeman but he "died and died, I can get it into the doorway at the Barnard's Club. You may be in the first make the best place 'What and hey', then I start to run. I was stag layed."

"You listen," the other man said, his teeth flashed up to me again.

They all seemed to be made of red lead.

"Whoooo, Huzzah!" I said, putting out my hand to him. "It's nice good to see you."

He slipped me then, across the foot. One of the big traps he wore

on his leg.

"Listen," he said.

I listened.

"Where was we find the photographer who took this picture?"

He was holding the print at the girl. I had put it in the doorway.

"You've found him," I said, before I could get control of my tongue.

"You'd like to have a talk with you?"

"Surely," I said. "Do come up."

They caught other me up the stairs, their combined heels filling the space between the walls. When we were in the studio, the man with the gold teeth said, "You know that girl?"

"No."

"Would you take that picture?"

"Today. Two minutes."

"Where's the narrative?"

That had gone far enough, I thought. They don't do this to me.

"If you care an answer, where's your search warrant?" I said.

It had been a few minutes in my time I knew how to deal with this sort of situation.

"Copper?" gold teeth said. "You quit making trouble or I'll walk on your legs. Get that negative."

I walked over to the collector and picked up the roll of film that had the girl's picture on it.

"Here it is," I said. "Just a minute and I'll get the negative out for you."

"We'll take the lot," gold teeth said.

"Look, there's only one picture of her," I said, holding the strip of film up to the light. "Three other shots are worth money to me."

"We'll take the lot," gold teeth said, holding out his hand.

I handed over the film.

"You know where she's staying?" gold teeth said.

"No," I said. "I don't know anything about her."

"That's the film," gold teeth said. "You don't know anything and you don't remember anything. You never even seen her, did you?"

"No," I said. "I don't know anything about her."

"That's the idea," gold teeth said. "You don't know anything and you don't remember anything. You never even seen her, did you?"

"No, I never saw her. I don't remember anyone. I'm just a street photographer who sees hundreds of people every day and never remembers anyone. You can rely on me."

They went out without saying anything else and I sat down and

pondered what I was mixed up in. I wouldn't blame it out, but I decided to read my own statement because I reasoned fellows like gold teeth would be inclined to take advantage of my size.

I had just walked out of the studio and was standing on the landing when I saw the girl running up the stairs. When she reached the top, she said "Hello. Is the photographer in?"

"Her name was Bill and Tom, but nothing happened. She didn't want a professional view."

I managed to say, "You him. Come on, go."

She sat on the only chair next to the tiny counter inside the door. "I saw my photo in your showcase just as I was going to lunch," she said. "So I thought I'd call back and say a good bye once she left."

"I'm afraid I can't read my prints," I said. "The negative was, er, damaged . . . by accident."

My thoughts were racing in circles, but when I looked into those violet eyes, I thought, oh, well. I'd risk nothing my love walked on by gold teeth for her.

"Listen," I said. "I think I ought to tell you there were two, but, though looking quite as new, looking for you a while ago. One had a lot of gold teeth and the other had, er, nothing. They took the negative of the photo of you and told me to forget the whole thing."

She just said, "Oh," in a very small voice and looked directly at me.

"Look," I said. "This is a bit out of my line, but if there's anything I can do . . . I'm at your service, but I've got a car if that's any help. I could drive you . . ."

"Thank you. That's nice." She agreed. "But it wouldn't work. It's better to go down and see them."

"Why do that?" I said. "They look tough to me. They look like they might get unpleasant."

The girl seemed to be far away in thought. She said in a very faint voice "You, they can be . . . unpleasant." Then she stood up. I said "Don't go down there, put me down and think it over. I think you're a bit upset."

"I don't suppose you could tell me what the trouble is . . ." I said.

She looked at me for a long moment, then said "You're very kind, willing to help me. But it's too late. I'm afraid. The girls are at the bar. She was the daughter of her left hand through her dropped, while her . . . 'I wish I'd stayed in my room instead of peering up and down and looking at your picture when'."

"Too sorry," I said. "If I'd known it was going to cause trouble."

"It's as bad as years. You couldn't have I was a runaway child."

"A what?"

"An Alma." She ran fingers through her hair again. "I'll tell you. Maybe you can help." She looked at me brightly with her water eyes and I felt I could have picked up both the heavyweights and thrown them to the fair and back.

"My . . . er, father," she continued. "I'm connected with the gambling business. Money, you know?"

"Yes, I know," I said, dropping my

lip pocket where my wallet used to be.

"He's been having some trouble lately with a group of men who come up from Sydney and wanted to help run his business. There was a lot of arguments and a few weeks ago, someone threw a bomb inside his car and his driver was killed."

"Sounds like you worked," I said. "Was it worse than the bomb accident that I worked for, that my father was mixed up in something shady?"

"I know how it is," I said. "Sometimes the most respectable people turn out to be leading double lives."

"You're not really a double life?" she said. "It strikes to the one time, most of the time," she looks off her train of thought abruptly. "Anyway, after the bomb business I began to see him as a different light. He almost decided not to see him again when the side business came up."

I seemed mechanically repeat the answer and slipped my hand into my pocket. I tried to look at it with my hand, had closed over the comforting both of a 12 automatic. Suddenly it closed around a packet of Libby's I'd thrown away.

"You said he wanted me to help him out," she said. "He said he had something important to do on Sunday morning, that was his morning, and he wanted me to stay in the flat while he was out. He wanted me to tell anyone who might ask questions later that we had been there all morning. I didn't think it could do any real harm, as I promised to stick to the story if anyone asked me."

She glanced down at her slim brown ankles and her bare fingers through her short white hair.

"Then yesterday morning, I overheard him talking to one of those men who are looking for me." Her voice was vibrant. "They were talking about throwing a bomb through somebody's window on Sunday morning. They were planning a murder."

She paused, then went on. "You know a few silly things, like most people, but I don't want to get mixed up in a murder, as I pointed out a few weeks ago. I thought I'd work around up here until it all blew over. But they've found me and I know they'll want me to go back and go through with it . . . It's only a two hour trip in a hot car."

"You mustn't do it," I said. "You're not to keep doing it the whole thing."

"Yes, but how?"

"I'm afraid of a way. All you have to do is dodge those heavyweights." I stopped toward her. "Listen, you can take up in my flat for the time being and I'll go down and see them around. I don't think they'll expect me to be here. I'll see you, as I can keep an eye on them and let you know what's going on."

"All right," she said. "If you don't think you'll get yourself into any trouble . . ."

"I know how to look after myself," I told her. "I'll be through my ankle and into the flat and let her reading magazines and sipping a Coca-Cola."

Meanwhile in Ray Street it was hot. I crossed over to the telephone and dialed toward the Hotel Winkles. The two heavyweights were sitting in a car parked opposite the hotel.

I hesitated for a moment, not to notice, said I heard the ladies. "Hey?" I asked them, in their surprise, and walked over to the table.

"You mean that girl again?" said both sides.

"No sir. I haven't seen her. Which one do you mean?"

Maxwell grinned and gold teeth said "That's the girl." He took the cigarette out of his mouth. "You might be able to help us. It'd be worth a few quid. If you see the girl, give us the word O.K."

"Thank me," I said. "I could use a few quid as well as sympathy."

"We'll take her by the time you want," said both sides.

I walked back down the telephone and spent an hour or so talking to the heavyweights, who were bound to have an eye peeled as my daughter. Later, I bought a couple of spruce rolls, a few sandwiches and some coffee and went up to the studio.

The girl seemed nervous, but she ate her share of the food. I remembered the coffee then and turned it on, just in time for the door to open. Two "thick cutters of London" were the first words we heard, followed by a variety of other news headlines.

Then followed "the news in detail" describing how a man and a woman had died in an explosion. "When a bomb had been thrown through their bedroom window from a plane on 12 June that morning. The bomb landed on a magazine rack to the effect that 'Police are investigating the possibility that the outrage may be a signal to another bomb incident that occurred recently'."

While we were both thinking of something to say, the door opened and we had visitors — unexpected visitors.

"Well, well," said both sides. "The lady has caught the lady comfortably for us." He looked hard at me and stepped into the centre of the room. "No doubt you was about to come and collect your reward from her."

"As a matter of fact . . ." I began.

"You don't think I should tell him and?" Max said to gold teeth.

"The people get treated a few things," said both sides. "But we'll let it slide this time. We don't want to make bad friends in this town. Besides, we got what we want."

He looked to the girl. "Okay, Miss Winkles, you can finish eating that cold in the car. We got a long way to go." He crossed a finger at her.

"Thank me."

"Say, the amount to be expected."

I was shaking between gold teeth.

Maxwell pointed me back into my chair. "Oh, that my little stuff. For a small thing, you do too much for."

"Give him a couple of quid," said both sides. "For finding the girl . . . and forgetting her, and all . . ."

I took the notes that were shoved into my hand by a door, caught a glimpse of the girl's white, frightened

(Cookbook arrived)

1000 IDEAS for living

Australian HOUSE and GARDEN
Book of Small Home

INTERIORS

80 pages of
ideas for
better living!

your newsagent has it *NOW!*

(Continued from previous page)

open at the front exit, and then the door had closed and I was alone. Crazy about buzzed around my head like angry bees but I couldn't seem to get interest in my first.

For almost an hour I just sat there knowing that something would be done, and done that. When I finally closed my eyes, it was dark and I had to fumble my way across the room to the hotel table.

Then I went downstairs to the side and tried to get a good. The blurring made from the juke box seemed to wash my brain and the food was tasteless. But I drank a lot of coffee during the two hours I sat at the table table near the window.

I turned and turned most of the night, and by the morning, by the time I had finished making myself a simple breakfast of tea and toast, I was convinced I wasn't cut out to be a crime hunter.

Ray Street was sunny and thorough with his enthusiasm when I finally when downstairs and started across the playing while upstairs toward my "territory," ready for the day's work. Andrew the paper boy drove to me as I approached. He was holding a paper in his hand and pointing at a full page photo.

"Hey, Tim," he shouted at me. "Where'd you get the photo? She's terrible!"

I walked up quickly and took the paper from him. It was the HARRISON ECHO. The beach girl edition section consisted of a full page photo of the girl.

Andrew who is sixteen years of age, showed his hand over my shoulder and pointed at the girl. "She's a woman, Tim," he said, shaking. "and she's in good company. Look!" He pointed his finger at one side of the picture where he was standing standing beside her still in front of the new placards that showed "FLORENCE WRIGHT" and "HARRISON ECHO".

I peered at the photo and felt my blood pressure go up as my heart began pounding.

"She looks a nice couple don't you think?" Andrew was saying, but I merely caught his attention.

"Those placards," I said weakly. "Do you always think away day?"

"Sure," Andrew said. "Why?"

"There in the picture," I said. "Did you have them on any day but Sunday?"

"No, I just said ya. Something different every day?" He looked at me, frowning. "You are you talking all right? You look a bit queer?"

"You all right?" I said weakly.

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people and in fact, at that, but as equally as old Bill would take me.

The journey that takes a fast car two hours and an average car twelve hours took Bill and I fifteen. It was some time after midnight when we pulled down the deserted, patchy lot streets in the heart of the city, some of the shop windows were lit up, emphasizing the empty loneliness of the still, silent streets.

When I pulled up outside police headquarters the wheezy rattle of Bill's dying motor echoed down the silent street beside the building. I had some trouble convincing the sergeant I ought to be allowed to talk to someone working on the beach edition murder.

Finally after a long wait in a drafty corridor, a heavy-set appeared who looked suspiciously like Marston. He led me into a room where a bulky, sandy-haired man sat at a desk with pen and paper at the ready.

"You want to make a statement about Sunday's beach?" the first man said.

"Well, not exactly a statement."

"I mean I just wanted to find out."

"What's your name?"

"Timothy."

"Timothy?" There was a brittle sound. "You better don't?"

"No. That's my name. Tim Timothy."

"Put that down. What subject?"

"Look, I just want . . ."

"In a moment, in a moment. Address?"

I told them and the bulky man wrote it down after my name on his notepad.

"Now what do you want to say?" the first man said.

"I'm about this beach case," I said.

"I just wanted to find out whether a girl I know has been involved."

"Oh," the big man said. "The other had his pencil write and started at the officer. "What's your girl's name?"

"She's not my girl. I just know her. I don't know her name."

"I said. The big man's mouth opened at once. "You don't know her name?"

"I couldn't find it. I know her last name. I can show you what she looks like. Have a look at this."

I pulled the two copies of the HARRISON ECHO from my coat pocket and showed them the girl's photo.

The big man looked forward eagerly when he saw her. "What was that taken?" he said briefly.

"Last Sunday morning. About two o'clock. You can tell by the newspaper placards that it was last Sunday."

"I said a little earlier."

"Just where was it taken?"

"At Paradise Beach, about a hundred yards from the water."

"It's a few hours later than that. Take my old car home, but a look at it."

"Yeah. All right." He glanced at the sandy-haired man. "That makes Harry Oliver's statement about being with the girl look pretty odd."

"I told you it was possible to prove him to be old."

"What's this Harry Oliver?" I said.

"The two men looked at each other for a moment."

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"The two men looked at each other for a moment."

"What's this Harry Oliver?" I said.

more knowledge by tomorrow. But the police was supported by a head on Sunday's beach morning. I questioned him late Sunday night, but he wouldn't speak. Then at three o'clock that afternoon he walked in here and made a signed statement concerning the whereabouts of the time of the building. Before he . . . he broke off. "An hour up until now, it seemed he was with the girl friend of yours and he didn't want to understand her unless it became absolutely necessary."

"He doesn't believe it over with her on Monday, yesterday, morning and the agreed that it was the only way to clear his name, he would tell us about her being with him. Being in a fellow's first story on Sunday morning seems certain explanation when it's read on the front page of a newspaper."

"And what about the girl?" I broke in, heavily, trying not to breathe. "What did she do?"

"He made a statement tonight that she'd made a deal with what Oliver said."

I groaned aloud.

"But," the big man went on. "At the last minute she wouldn't sign it. She got on off with some story about being overworked, so we arranged to call early this morning and get an amended statement . . . if she wanted to clear it."

He paused, then continued eagerly. "I think she'd want to do a lot of something else we show her the picture."

I looked back in the hand written story I had been sitting in and showed my eyes. Everything seemed suddenly weird, except the upper loneliness that swept over me.

There was a faint buzz of voices and I turned the big man, my at last. "Hey, in the office?"

With an effort I showed my eyes and shook my head.

"Well, I suggest you get some sleep," he said. "I can recommend a good job not far from here. Just a few blocks away. They're got parking space for guests' cars. You'll get on a ring and tell 'em you're coming."

We walked outside and he gave me directions while I studied our bill and started the motor.

"You've been a lot of help," he said. "Drop in some time before lunch and I might have some news for you. That's the name, Detective Gordon."

I thanked him and set Bill rolling along the street. They were expecting me at the hotel when I arrived, so the big detective had kept his word. When Bill was accommodated I stepped up to my room and collapsed into bed.

When I rose downstairs in the morning, the sun was high and I had missed late breakfast, so I went out into the street to find a cab.

The first place I came to looked good to me, so I went in, and the one of the busiest meals of my life. I counted it off with two cups of black coffee and went out feeling better than I had since I first met the girl and the two heavyweights, Gold Teeth and Muscle.

I called at police headquarters, but Detective Gordon was out. That was my first bad sign and I hoped just the heavy detective had on four before I went back to the hotel.

The girl was waiting for me in the foyer, looking nothing less than wonderful in a white summer-weight and that emphasized her legs and straightened her hair like wet velvet and happy and her voice was beautiful.

"Hello, Tim. Where've you been? Detective Gordon asked me to come around and tell you the news. They rejected my first statement, and I had to make another one. After they showed me the copy of the **STANDARD**, EDGAR you brought down?"

She looked at me with her mouth and her violet eyes and held out her hands to me. "I don't know how to thank you, Tim. You made a effort."

"It's all right," I said unconsciously. "I wouldn't mind it. I mean, I wonder if you'd —" I was having trouble with my voice.

"You — Tim?"

"I wonder if you'd tell me your name?" I stammered. "It's a bit awkward not knowing. . . I mean."

She laughed then, and I felt back everything I said previously about her name. "It's Susan. Susan Kane."

"Well, hello, Susan," I said awkwardly, extending my hand. "Detective Gordon told me my name. It's Timble." I smiled sheepishly. "But you can see, I'm not much Timble. I can make five feet out of my tall shoes, though."

"You'll do me for my share of trouble," Susan stammered, and I felt my face getting stiffer. "You had enough of the sort of trouble you can get into down here. Tomorrow I'm going north, for a long holiday. And if I see that a job I couldn't come back."

She looked at me steadily and said "How about Paradise Beach? Are there any jobs there?"

"I was once since or dream there are jobs open at night clubs and the hotels. If you can type you can, even in a real estate office or with one of the travel companies." I paused and felt my face relax. "And if you stay long enough, I'll be needing a job to look after my photo sales department when I set my new studio on street level, opposite the cafe." . . . "My voice trailed off then."

"It sounds like a perfect job," Susan murmured. "I think I might want to do it."

"When are you going back?" I said, before I realized I had spoken. "Tomorrow."

"I could take you up in N.E., if you like."

"Yes?"

"That's my car."

"That sounds fine. If I wouldn't be my trouble?"

"No trouble," I said. "How about some lunch?"

"Surely," she girl said. "I'm starving."

She took my arm then, and we walked down the foyer together.

IS MERCY KILLING JUSTIFIED?

(Continued from page 17)

playful, as useless, after two days looking to his at last follow him. Should they also, have an overdose of medicine or other lethal drug? "OK," you may say, but again the question crops up: where is it going to end?

Dr W. Starwood East, one of Hill Prison Commissioners assigned the moral question of some hundreds of homicidal patients at Broadmoor Criminal Asylum, Asylum, Crumlin, and the other cases investigated. He suffered from, perhaps, the most reliable of all the belief that death was in their best interests.

The male patients killed his wife with this motive in mind. Desires to make her last hours happy, he bought a ring for her worth \$10, placed it reverently on her finger and then shot her through the heart.

Commissioners therefore and philosophers have pushed euthanasia since the dawn of the ancient Greek philosophers. Dr. Francis Thompson commended the practice. Sir Napoleon Bonaparte condemned it.

The most bitter opponents of mercy-killing are usually doctors, mainly because they would probably have to act as legal executioners, but also because their above all people know what might happen by giving assistance to less responsible members of their profession.

Dr. Harry Roberts wrote in his book "Euthanasia and Other Aspects of Life and Death" "The doctor who starts with euthanasia, and proceeds through abortion to the possible slaughter of unborn life is a slippery one of which we cannot see the bottom."

It seems that the principle of voluntary euthanasia might not be a good one.

Take yourself for instance. Supposing that you have cancer of the throat, and death is certain within a limited space of time, with a good deal of pain and distress in the meantime.

You see the hopelessness of your case and you volunteer the euthanasia. This would probably mean the submission of two certificates by medical practitioners and an attention by a magistrate. After other formalities the arrangements would arrive, and the hour of the victim would increase to the extent of that of a condemned murderer in a condemned cell awaiting the hangman's rope, the gallows, or the electric chair.

That isn't the proper way of administering euthanasia, indeed it is justified in any circumstances. The only satisfactory way would be to put the sufferer out of his misery without his knowing it. Roman Catholic Father Owen Dooley wrote: "My attitude to the whole voluntary euthanasia is only another word, a more, perhaps, God's supreme decision any human."

Mercy-killing if it were to be implemented at all would probably be justified only in the following

LONG TROUBLED BY SCIATICA —

Great relief after two weeks

Mr. E. P., of Warrington, Hampshire, N.S.W., writes:—

"I have only been on your treatment (for Sciatica) for 2 weeks as yet but am much better. I have felt great relief. The weather here has been very cold and so I am glad for Sciatica. Your treatment is working wonders for me and I am very happy and you, too, can give great relief from Sciatica by taking a special course of treatment."

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A wonderful magazine for little children — with Cut-Outs, Games, Stories to Read, Pages to Colour.

BUY HUMPTY DUMPTY NOW!

"Myfin—come here, mister!" A man flew across their way from the front. Steve had another of his inspirations.

"Hey, you. Make y'face then. Come and get yer share!" wilywheeler.

Steve moved forward, as it came dawn. The others stood transfixed and wondering. A sudden rush by Steve, a brief struggle, with expert agility and grace. "Get it? Yer little heart?"

Steve moved another belt in the air. The creature wheeled sharply and clumped down accompanied by clapping sides and little, crocheting circles, like breaking eggs. Then it was laid a puddle on the road.

Steve, ignoring this phenomenon, slipped on the apparatus and slumped with rheumatic determination.

"Geeze get our hands' dough now!"

He twisted the head hard and shot upwards, legs waving. Soon there was nothing but a distant, caving away and a black form fast disappearing in the smoglight.

A funeral silence was upon the morning haze, in the lot of the Hazzard Hotel, the following night. Some symptoms of distress and discomfort with Paula Field, as he turns his attention to Steve Morris's display.

"That's wonderful! Never did trust the kids. Pretty stuff! up there in the moon or something, squander our money on laughter in the heat."

All Morris was writing differently. Throughout the experience of good-will.

"What you writin' there, Art?" asked Joe Parnes, indignantly. He could afford to be indignant, having collected someone's wronged state. "Takes up your time, huh?"

"No Joe I can tell I have a theory. You've heard them talk about all the nonsense and things on the moon. Now they are building a rocketship to go up there one day. Well, I am writing to Wescott and looking myself a seat on the first ship that goes. The moon will now have a little moon, that they will not notice. I am sure that I know all about it and, just think, it is worth thirty thousand pounds!"

PSYCHOLOGY QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 17)

understanding about it. In other words, you want to understand the questions on the other two tests, you want people to think of you rather than the questions you set the question or opinion as a score-up for lack of personality. Take ten points if you do the third.

7. Take ten points for the first, which is what you should be doing. It is only a vague statement that makes for uncertainty of mind and character. You don't have to stick to a plan so closely that it becomes a boxer to you, but you DO have to know where you are going—otherwise, you are only a chameleon, waiting for someone else to carry you along—what

A Pelman Note:

1956

From Jan. 1
to Dec. 31

"I will get control of the forces within myself and strongly resist pressures from without." This is suggested as a New Year resolution for 1956.

If said every morning during 1956, the added strength to the individual and to the nation will be incalculable. If reinforced by Pelmanism, certainty is assured.

Pelmanism is the scientific method by which man and woman acquire the habit of selfmanagement. Its handling starts with the first lesson which defines the nature in the perpetual use of our powers in our present occupation. In our association with other people, at work, in play and socially, and in the furtherance of those occupations which are proper to ourselves, and about which we rarely talk.

The lesson recognizes that these powers are part of the normal equipment of humanity, but that, unless a conscious effort is made, some may be developed at the expense of others, and that, in consequence there is a lack of proportion in the personality. No time is lost in correcting defects or deformities, and the process of harmonious development of the personality is started at once. This is greatly helped by the emphasis placed on the relation of feeling and thought to each other and on the effect of both on action.

This section of lesson 1 is given significance by 'applications' to the pupil's own needs and circumstances, and by exercises. Application No. 1, supported by one of the exercises, is the beginning of worldly wisdom, and has its immediate and salutary effect on the pupil's behavior.

The succeeding lessons of the Course deal with special attributes and qualities—namely observation, firmness of will, concentration, awareness of one's environment, adjustment, organization, classification, judgment, discrimination and moral sense; all that is implied as usual and necessary training directed to the enhancement of the personality.

There is a program worksheet on each lesson to be sent to the Institute for comment and criticism. These exercises are integral part of the Pelman Training and are carefully individual.

There is still time to make a good start on the Pelman Course before 1956. We wish every reader a Happy New Year.

"THE EFFICIENT MAN" described in detail, The Pelman Course. Copies are placed free on application in The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 224 Finsbury Lane, Melbourne. All inquiries are regarded as confidential. The Institute has no outside representatives.

New Zealand Inquiries

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to meet the financial requirements, and make payments at New Zealand to send for the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write to the first category in the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE

11 Gloucester House, 224 Finsbury Lane, Melbourne

Please send me free and post free a copy of "The Efficient Man."

Name _____

Address _____
City _____

is what the second type of people usually are and do.

2. Ten points for the second, which shows that you have adequately demonstrated your personality by beating yourself. If you do the first, you are automatically making defeat certain, because you are using negative self-suggestion. Auto-suggestion always works two ways: positively, by telling yourself you **AHE** come to succeed positively, by telling yourself you won't, which is what you do in the first case.

3. There are very subtle distinctions here: in the first, you are just warning every friend, people because you are afraid of them; in the second, you want someone to "mother" or "father" you as a substitute for lack of love from your own family or other parents; in the third, you are only fooling you of yourself if you can dominate someone else—and you are telling this way be-

cause you are NOT sure of your self and so must have someone to act as your unconscious prompt. Take ten points if you like people in general because you are capable of standing on your own feet, taking people as they are—as friends, acquaintances or otherwise.

10. The first is another sign of being conscious of being watched, and the answer to No 1 of the Quiz implies just as strongly here. A good deal of this feeling is due to our being constantly told as children, that God is watching us, ready to punish us if we do wrong, we carry this feeling into adulthood but substitute "people" for God, and act as if life is an ordeal, with people as persons ready to catch us out in the least wrong. Take ten points if you do the latter, because it means that you have "grown up" out of this childhood fear.

MIGRAINE HEADACHES?

If you suffer from Migraine you'll be interested in this new history upon which the film of an eminent Harley Street Specialist.

A woman aged 47 had suffered from headaches often Migraineous in character for 30 years. There were at times daily occurrences and she had consulted various specialists in England and abroad without acquiring any benefit. The examination, deep-veiled negative spots were found. Deep

pressure over these spots would bring on the head pain. Daily treatment with the (Malgic) cream was commenced, varying in depth from day to day. The pain disappeared at the end of a fortnight from the forehead.

You can free YOURSELF from the nagging pain and misery of headaches by using Malgic, the identical substance known that attended relief in the case history above.

MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM GIVES AMAZING RELIEF

by attacking the cause of headaches which are the basic cause of the

headaches. After the acute stage has passed, daily massage should be continued for a week or two. At the end of this time the "trigger" spots (which will be felt as hard or small hard lumps about the size of a pea) will have softened and disappeared and permanent relief from headaches will be the result.



Illustration showing location of potential "trigger" spots, the cause of headaches.

by attacking the cause of headaches which are the basic cause of the head pain it will be found that one or two "trigger" involved spots usually located in the temporal or neck muscles are responsible for the trouble. Malgic Adrenalin Cream should be gently massaged over the skin over these "trigger" spots Malgic can give relaxing adrenalin right into the cramped, contracted muscle fibres.

Malgic is sold by chemists only. Buy a jar today and put a stop to the nagging pain and misery of headaches.

M A L G I C
ADRENALIN CREAM

Manufactured and distributed by World Appliance Co. Ltd., London.
For the safe, speedy relief of all rheumatic aches.



Spoken for men.

"I'm first, how old are you?"

"I don't know."

"No women bother you?"

"No."

"You're first."

Something like the small boy who told his teacher that his birthday was next Tuesday.

"That's new," she said, "it's my birthday, too."

But apparently it wasn't nice because the boy's face changed and he said miserably, "Well—how did you get so much bigger than me?"

Maxims: The one good thing about being bald.

Poor old Charlie, the town drunk, collapsed on the street one day and was rushed to the local doctor's office.

A few of the locals wanted to make a bid out for how bad old Charlie was.

In a few minutes the doctor came and announced: "Charlie will be all right, but according to my analysis, there's every indication that a small percentage of blood is getting into his alcohol stream."

Small talk for women: Nothing. Any person may be cured of marital, or social, or spiritual, ailments and by stuffing an old sock in her mouth.

The two fathers did nothing but circle each other and a punch was thrown and the two weren't pleased.

A bored silence settled on the scene. Then a speaker yelled: "Did him say, ya say? You got the word yet, ya?"

Kleptomaniacs—one who helps himself because he cannot help himself.

The latest advice for raising an incorrigible child is to "bribe" it. It's said to be working.

However, if that doesn't work, use the other side of the brush and the other end of the stick.

Their cars met head-on. The male driver of one and the female driver of the other both began to apologize.

"I'm sorry," said the woman. "It was my fault."

"Not at all, madam," the man responded, "I was to blame myself."

"But I insist the fault was mine. I was on your side of the road."

"That may be true, but nevertheless I saw you coming a block away, and I had ample time to dash down a side street."



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DECEMBER ISSUE

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